The Nation.

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The Week.

The approaching transfer of practically the whole of our naval strength to the Pacific cannot fail to attract the attention of Congress. As to the motive of this extraordinary departure in our naval policy, the truth does not yet seem to have been told. The common excuse is that this is a practice cruise for our battle fleet, and much ado is made about the value of the long voyage and the passage of the Straits of Magellan, just as if some ships of our navy were not making long voyages all the time. If the battleships now assembling need this experience at an estimated outlay of a million and a quarter of dollars for fuel alone, in order to bring their engineers and stokers up to a proper state of efficiency, then the national pride in them is not justified. The same schooling, it may be remarked, could be had on much cheaper terms in the Atlantic, with much greater efficiency as a result. Those who understand such things tell us that, to-day, the great weakness in the navy is the lack of training, on the part of captains and their understudies, in manœuvres, especially in those of actual engagement or battle tactics, so called; that the Atlantic Fleet, under its present commander, had only nine hours of these capital exercises prior to last spring, and about five days since then; and that, in the case of seven captains, even this experience is lost to the country through their having been replaced by younger men, who have everything to learn. Dissenting naval officers further say that the necessary fleet drills will not be carried on during the trip to California; and that, in this most essential respect, as one officer of the fleet expressed it, with pain and indignation, "A whole year will be wasted!" We are aware that a few naval officers feel, as Capt. Mahan writes in the current *Scientific American*, that the cruise is useful because its officers will have to face "the huge administrative difficulties connected with so distant an expedition by a large body of vessels dependent upon their own resources." But the bulk of the naval officers believe that the solution of this petty problem of coaling and victualling our ships in friendly South American harbors in time of peace, by a large number of vessels instead of by two or three, is of trifling importance compared not only with those battle exercises we have already cited, but with target practice and the real trying out of our ships. Far greater service can be rendered, according to the strict navy point of view, by testing our ships in elaborate manœuvres, in disclosing and repairing their obvious defects, than in taking a year out of their fleet development in order to ascertain if they can load coal and provisions promptly, and safely find their way in and out of foreign harbors.

The Republicans are profiting by the lessons of the past. Having elected by the greatest plurality in history one candidate nominated in a convention held at Chicago in the third week of June, they are going to nominate another candidate—or maybe the same—in a convention held at Chicago in the third week of June. If he wins, the party will doubtless do the same thing again in 1912. Efforts to hang portentous political issues on the selection of a convention city are always rather labored. It is unlikely that Taft's chances are really improved because his friends in the National Committee voted on Saturday with the prevailing side. The selection of a date has more real significance. Only five times in the last fifty years has Congress finished the deliberations of its long session early enough to adjourn before June 16. Once it adjourned exactly on that day. Twice it remained in session as late as October, and once till November. The selection of an exceptionally early date, compelling hurry, if even the routine work is to be completed, adds one more to the arguments for inaction.

Amusing, indeed, are the comments of some of the Washington correspondents upon the absence of any Hughes boomer at the meeting of the Republican National Committee. The Hughes movement has, we learn, suffered a serious check thereby, or it has gained tremendously by this show of independence. You can pay your money and take your choice. But the puzzlement of the politicians is complete. What kind of man is this who toils not, neither does he spin, in the ways that are familiar to them, but whose influence and spirit are more and more abroad in the land? Take the announcement of Mr. Hughes's secretary that the Governor has not engaged any "headquarters" in Chicago, and will not. Naturally, the politicians ask if he is bereft of his senses, or if he wants the nomination at all. They look with contempt on a man who has a splendid chance for the nomination, and yet will let no one lift a hand for him. Surely, such a man has something wrong in his upper story. They cannot understand that those who will decide this nomination are not themselves, or even Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt. If the party makes up its mind that it wants Hughes, it will be of no consequence what the political managers try to do. Least of all, will the Governor of New York suffer by the attitude he has assumed. The people of this country, if we are any judges, are ready for a man who looks upon the Presidency not as a prize to be striven for, but as an overwhelming duty that cannot be honorably shirked if the demand that he assume it be unmistakable and overwhelming.

In his annual report the Secretary of the Treasury follows the President's example and makes no definite suggestions regarding currency reform. This is doubtless the Secretary's recognition of the fact that, in the light of recent events, legislation must now be framed with great deliberation. The chief matters of interest in Mr. Cortelyou's report, therefore, are his review of the Treasury's relief measures during the New York bank run of October, and his forecast of the national finances. The story of the prompt and timely deposit of government surplus with the banks at the height of panic, tells little that the community did not know before. That the Secretary moved slowly in putting out his surplus during the weeks before the panic; that he thus kept in hand a substantial relief fund for the real emergency; and that when the panic actually came, his action was unhesitating and thoroughgoing, though always in obedience to the law—with all this the community has been familiar; and to the executive capacity thus shown the Clearing House Committee and the public at large have paid their tribute. But for this prompt action, a series of disastrous failures of powerful banking institutions would probably have been inevitable. As against the $84,236,000 of surplus revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, the Treasury estimates $42,000,000 surplus for the twelve months ending with next June. We are unable to regard that estimate as other than excessive; it bears, in fact, rather strong evidence of having been compiled before the recent violent change in the conditions of trade and credit. Decrease of $20,000,000 in the customs revenue is conceded, which may at first glance seem allowing much for reaction. But as a matter of fact, even that reduction would leave the fiscal year's receipts from import duties nearly $12,000,000 ahead of 1906, and much more in excess of any previous twelvemonth in our history. It must now be recognized that our abnormally large imports of 1907 were themselves one symptom of that infla-

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tion of prices and credit which led to this autumn's crash. A similar prediction, made at exactly this time in 1893, by Secretary Carlisle, and forecasting the revenue of the first half of 1894, turned out an over-estimate by the substantial sum of forty million dollars. November alone, as reported on in the monthly bulletin of last Thursday, shows a decrease of $10,000,000 from the revenue last year. These facts ought to be seriously impressed on the mind of Congress, in laying plans for future public expenditure.

In a time like this it is inevitable that the old quack-notions about currency should be trotted out. Last Monday a bill was introduced to "base" money upon cotton. In the prolific days of 1893-96 there was a great crop of these "basing" plans. Iron in the mines, coal in sight, hay in bales, etc., were proposed as the true security on which to issue currency. The simplest way, of course, is that which Tom Watson urged upon the President, to "base" your currency on nothing, and just issue greenbacks to fill every pocket. But this is to overlook one important difference between the present condition of the Treasury and that of 1893. Then the government was short of funds; but to-day it has more than $200,000,000 of surplus. If greenbacks were "issued," they could only be in payment of government obligations or purchases of some kind; they are not tossed out of the window to the crowd, as Mr. Watson seems to suppose. With over $200,000,000 to the good, the Treasury would look foolish to put out promises to pay. For the same reason, it looked foolish in putting out bonds and 3 per cent. certificates.

President Roosevelt could do no other than comply with the request of the Governor of Nevada that Federal troops be sent to Goldfield. If a sovereign State cannot protect itself from domestic violence, the Constitution makes it the duty of the Government at Washington to come to its aid. The reproach, if any, lies with Nevada. It is stated by the indignant officers of the Western Miners' Federation that there is really no trouble at Goldfield; that the sheriff has not called for assistance. But blunt Gen. Funston has information that the sheriff is himself a member of the Federation, and would do nothing to interfere with its pleasant habit of setting itself up above the law. Moreover, Gov. Sparks is very specific and detailed in recounting the acts of intimidation and violence committed by the Federation. In view of his appeal, there was nothing for the President to do but order the troops to go to the scene; and he deserves praise for the promptness and vigor with which he set about rescuing Nevada from terrorism and possible bloodshed. Here is no question of State rights, or usurpation of power; only a case of putting down lawlessness.

The Rivers and Harbors Congress at Washington last week was notable for the absence of sectional pressure and insistence upon particular local projects. Vice-President Fairbanks, Secretary Root, Speaker Cannon, and Chairman Burton of the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors have all emphasized the need for considering the question of waterways improvement in its larger aspects. "A policy, not a project," was Mr. Root's happy way of expressing the idea. If within the next twenty years we are to have a comprehensive system of developed waterways, these should come as the result of a consistent plan, and not a mere combination of a multitude of log-rolling projects which merely happen to dovetail together. This year's meeting, by its clear statement of this fact, may have opened a new chapter in the history of this branch of our national activity. While a good deal has been accomplished in recent years toward systematizing our river and harbor expenditures, this has been in spite of the efforts of those interested in improvements, rather than because of them. The representatives, official and unofficial, from each locality have been working for one or two pieces of work, and if these were provided for, the rest of the waterways budget might, for all they cared, fall into chaos. The attitude of this year's Rivers and Harbors Congress may be due in part to the realization that the right way is to begin at the other end. Once the country is convinced of the wisdom of liberal and continued appropriations for its waterways, the deserving projects will be attended to as a matter of course. It is now generally understood that both in respect to the handling of traffic and the maintenance of reasonable rates, we have long trusted too much to the railways. Instead of keeping our water-routes in condition to provide effective competition with the railroads, and, in periods of exceptional expansion like that of the past decade, to take care of the additional traffic in a natural way, we left them to the tender mercies of Congressmen who, while they did a great deal, in the aggregate, did not always do the things that were needed. To-day we need water transportation so badly that, as James J. Hill said to the waterways delegates, "You may be assured of the hearty support of the railroads in the construction of the legitimate waterways of the country."

The proposal to have the Federal government license automobile drivers comes before Congress for the first time in the form of a bill drafted by the counsel of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers and the chairman of the Legislative Committee of the American Automobile Association. It is not proposed to create a separate class of Federally licensed cars, but merely to allow those already taking out permits in the State of ownership, to obtain certificates entitling them to make interstate journeys. The Federal government is appealed to, therefore, not to save the automobilist from over-drastic State laws, but to spare him the vexation of having to take out new licenses in every State he visits. The State legislation, as the author of the proposed law acknowledges in a recent compilation of the various automobile statutes, "on the whole has been fair and reasonable, and seldom do we find evidence of hostility carried to excess in any of the legislative enactments." But the States are not hospitable to the automobiles of their neighbors. No interstate boundary line, we presume, is crossed by so many automobiles as that between New York and New Jersey, yet New Jersey is inflexible in refusing to give credit to her next-door neighbor's licenses. The State laws differ widely in their requirements. Some States require all cars to be equipped with mufflers, some do not. Some allow cities, counties, and villages to make regulations of their own, some prohibit local legislation. A New York owner may keep the registration numbers of other States fastened to the rear of his machine; a Massachusetts owner at home must remove all but that of his own commonwealth. A motor bicycle is an automobile in Indiana, though a traction engine is not; both are automobiles in New Jersey, neither in New York. And so it goes. It is not at all unlikely, in view of the history of other legislation, that the mere drafting and introduction of the Federal bill will help on the cause of uniform legislation, its clauses being used as models before Congress has approved them. "It is hoped," writes the law committee of the Automobile Club of America, "that this will eventually form the basis for homogeneous legislation throughout the Union." Altogether aside from the Constitutional obstacles, it is very much better that such uniformity should come through voluntary coöperation of the States than through the too familiar short-cut of Federal intervention.

Statistics show that 96,724 immigrants returned to Europe during November, 55,000 more than a year ago. Never before has labor been so mobile. If what we are seeing now, the prompt departure of surplus labor when there is an industrial depression, is to become the rule, the intensity of future periods of suffering in any given country is certain to be much diminished. In our present crisis, this loss of workmen is doing much to mitigate the inevitable distress

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of the coming winter. Moreover, if matters improve, labor will begin to flow back next spring as quickly as it is leaving now. Of course, labor leaders will not be altogether pleased by this demonstration that labor is becoming more and more fluid. They will perceive that this makes it more difficult to organize and maintain strong unions. Their ideal is a state so controlled that no one can come in without a permit from them, and no one leave, and that trades may be so regulated after the manner of the guilds of mediæval days that only a small number of apprentices can be accepted each year. In this way they would see to it that wages were regulated, and that there was "work enough to go around." The leaders' influence has for years been in the direction of keeping labor at its given task and opposing the introduction of machinery or anything that would tend to displace workingmen and cause them to turn their hands to something else. Obviously, if 500,000 or more workmen are going to bolt every time there is a financial crisis, and settle elsewhere, or go into other lines of employment, this little plan is going to be spoiled.

Oklahoma has already given so many evidences of enterprise, ingenuity, and courage of convictions that we are not surprised to find the new Commonwealth undertaking to write down the unwritten law. Senator Clarence Davis of Bristow is drafting a bill which by implication, we presume, takes the *dementia Americana* from the catalogue of forms of insanity. This is all very well in itself, but can a free people, brought up on the unwritten law, get along without any such refuge in the future? Will not adroit criminal lawyers presently invent a new unwritten law which is milder yet? Having legally exempted one species of homicide from the penalties of the law, is there any guarantee that the rest of its prohibition will remain unaffected? The doctrine of the unwritten law, as we customarily have it, is overladen with noble sentiment. It turns to its own purposes a resentment which is common to right-feeling persons. But at bottom it is merely an assertion of that right of private vengeance which civilized society has spent some centuries in trying to abrogate completely. Much may be said on the text that if juries remain unwilling to convict criminals of a certain class, it is best that the law should not require them to perjure themselves incidentally. With the notion, however, that the whole problem is disposed of by extending the statutory definition of "justifiable homicide," we have no sympathy.

The death of Oscar II. of Sweden has naturally been made a text for reference to almost the only event that came to cloud the last years of an otherwise happy reign. Yet it is an open question whether the peace of the Scandinavian peninsula and of Europe has not profited by the fact that Norway chose to break the partnership with Sweden while the aged monarch was still on the throne. In the crisis that followed Norway's declaration of independence the personality of Oscar II. made it apparent from the beginning that, so far as in his power lay, war should not follow the break-up of the Union. How deeply the King took that event to heart he did not hesitate officially to declare to his former Norwegian subjects, and to the world in general. It is no reflection on the new Swedish monarch to believe that, had the separation been postponed until after the death of his father, the settlement could scarcely have been effected in so peaceable a manner. A young king, however discredited in present days may be the doctrine of the divine right of kings, would have hesitated before allowing so serious a diminution of his prestige, and, as he might have regarded it, even of his rights. On the other hand, the Norwegians, however irksome the Swedish connection had become to them, could not but find in the personality of Oscar II., and the fact of his long reign over them, a powerful counsel towards moderation.

Chamberlain and his fellow-protectionists in England have made much of the "Imperial" nature of their schemes, yet, strange to say, it is the greatest Imperialists who have given them the blackest eye. Lord Curzon, both while Viceroy of India and since, has been distinctly hostile to their tariff plans; and now comes Lord Cromer utterly to condemn them. In a recent speech before the Unionist Free Trade Club, he argued strongly that a protectionist policy would be fatal to the highest hopes of British Imperialism. There existed, he said, a large amount of "dormant Anglophobia" in the world, and it would be the pitch of folly to arouse this, by tariff taxes, in "the counting-house of every foreign merchant and manufacturer." Lord Cromer had no objection to hearing "the Imperialist drum," but "my contention," he declared, "is that if the instrument is properly attuned, it will give forth a free trade and not a protectionist or preferential note." With all his authority and power of statement, he threw himself against the Chamberlain proposals, toyed with by Mr. Balfour, and urged that, both on patriotic and party grounds, they now be "laid on the shelf." The whole speech was a stunning blow to the English protectionists, and they are still reeling under it.

Another sister-nation, as Mr. Kipling would call it, has joined the family circle of the British Empire. Orange River Colony, formerly the Orange Free State, has just held her first Parliamentary elections, self-government was formally inaugurated a fortnight or so ago, and the newly elected Parliament is to assemble shortly before Christmas. Out of a total of 38 members in the lower house, the Dutch party has elected 30, the Constitutionalists, or British party, have 4, and the Independent party the same number. The Orange River Colony Ministerial bench will look even more like "the Boer general staff" than is the case in the Transvaal, where the British element is far more numerous. The colony's almost exclusively agricultural interests make the political issues small in number. The two principal ones concern the school system and the colony's attitude towards the working of the intercolonial railways. Premier and Colonial Secretary Fischer is to have among his colleagues Gens. Hertzog and De Wet. The latter, who is to be Minister of Agriculture, would seem more fitted by his war experiences for some such post as Minister of Ways and Communications.

The French Academy is so frequently spoken of as a sort of post-graduate club where forty immortals loll about and pretend to be working on a great dictionary, that its character as a bureau for the encouragement of national endeavor is often forgotten. On November 22 the Academy held its annual distribution of prizes. These rewards are of two kinds: for literary achievement and for "virtue," specifically, the so-called *prix de vertu*. This year there was distributed the sum of 189,000 francs in prizes ranging from 10,000 to 300 francs, to about 100 beneficiaries. Such a number of rewards conferred every year constitutes a very definite form of encouragement in a country where official recognition is highly regarded and a small sum of money goes far. The customary discourse accompanying the distribution of the *prix de vertu* was delivered by Maurice Barrès. The Academy has a quiet delight in selecting its youngest members and most recently reformed enemies of established order, to pronounce formal eulogies on morals, patriotism, religion, and the like. In the case of M. Barrès, it is true that he turned over his new leaf some time ago, and has become prominent as a champion of the simple virtues. Yet it is interesting to have the Epicurean anarchist of "Un Homme libre" and "Le Jardin de Bérénice" present the two leading prizes for "virtue," of 300 francs each, to the parents of a peasant family of nineteen and of twenty-one children. "Such mothers," said M. Barrès, in a fine Rooseveltian refrain, "are saints and heroines."

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WHAT AILS AMERICAN SHIPPING.

One of the topics treated in the President's message is the pitiful state of the American merchant marine. He advocates an extension of the ocean mail act of 1891. He laments, with the rest of us, that we have not to-day upon the sea a merchant fleet "worthy of the traditions of our past." What that glorious past was, and why the American sailor was famous have never been set forth more convincingly than by De Tocqueville in "Democracy in America." In his chapter on "The Commercial Prosperity of the United States," he discussed the superiority of Americans at sea. That this was due to "physical advantages which nature gives them" he denied; and in a passage which is absolutely relevant to our present-day debates, he said:

> The American vessels cost almost as much to build as our own; they are not better built, and they generally last a shorter time. The pay of the American sailor is more considerable than the pay on board European ships, which is proved by the great number of Europeans who are to be found in the merchant vessels of the United States. How happens it, then, that the Americans sail their vessels at a cheaper rate than we can ours? I am of opinion that the true cause of their superiority must not be sought for in physical advantages, but that it is wholly attributable to *moral and intellectual qualities.*

Tocqueville went on to explain his meaning by saying that the Americans of that day displayed "a sort of heroism in their manner of trading" across the seas. We quote further:

> The European sailor navigates with prudence; he sets sail only when the weather is favorable; if an unforeseen accident befalls him, he puts into port; at night, he furls a portion of his canvas; and when the whitening billows intimate the vicinity of land, he checks his course, and takes an observation of the sun. The American neglects these precautions and braves these dangers. He weighs anchor before the tempest is over; by night and by day he spreads his sheets to the wind; he repairs as he goes along such damage as his vessel may have sustained from the storm. . . . The Americans are often shipwrecked, but no trader crosses the seas so rapidly. And, as they perform the same distance in a shorter time, they can perform it at a cheaper rate. The European navigator touches at different ports in the course of a long voyage; he loses precious time in making the harbor, or in waiting for a favorable wind to leave it; and he pays daily dues to be allowed to remain there. The American starts from Boston to purchase tea in China; he arrives at Canton, stays there a few days, and then returns. In less than two years, he has sailed as far as the entire circumference of the globe, and has seen land but once. It is true that during a voyage of eight or ten months he has drunk brackish water and lived upon salt meat; that he has been in a continual contest with the sea, with disease, and with weariness; but, upon his return, he can sell a pound of his tea for a half-penny less than the English merchant, and his purpose is accomplished.

Now, what has happened to change all that? What has deadened American initiative and eaten out the heart of American daring on the high seas? It is beside the point to talk of disadvantages having overtaken us in the evolution of ship-building, or to say that competition in modern methods of foreign commerce is hard to meet. We labored under the disadvantages, as Tocqueville points out, in 1830-40, and for a decade later, but in those years there was an indomitable energy in the American character which enabled us to surmount them. We had then to encounter competition from long-established rivals, but we shrank not from the contest, and emerged from it triumphant. There seemed to be no end to American resource and skill and invention and intrepidity in building and sailing ships. If the chief causes of our success were thus, as Tocqueville maintained, "moral and intellectual," we may infer that our decline has been in part at least due to a decay in the mental and moral qualities which won for us our former success.

Allowing all that may be necessary for changed physical conditions, the deeper reasons for our loss of prestige on the seas must be sought in a new mental attitude of the American people. It is often said that our country has not thought it worth while to pursue commercial conquests beyond the ocean; that we had our own vast empire to develop, and that our minds have been given to the work in which the greater immediate profit lay. In this statement there is doubtless some force; but our interior development was going on apace from 1830 to 1860, at the very time when our supremacy on the ocean was at its pitch. Something has happened since to account for the fact that we now lag so far behind other nations in marine enterprise and inventiveness, that the old courage and determination to succeed at all hazards, and in spite of all obstacles, seem so largely to have departed. The decadence appears in other fields as well. In the development of the turbine engine, in making automobiles, in wireless telegraphy, for example, a blight seems to have fallen on the once famed Yankee inventor.

A powerful case can be made out by those who argue that it is the general governmental policies of the past forty years which have so transformed our bold self-reliance into limp dependence. During all that period we have exalted the doctrines of paternal care over those of self-help. We have fixed the habit of running to Washington for aid. Above all, we have, by our vicious system of protection, spread wide the notion that Americans are not able to stand on their own feet; that they must have artificial advantages, and law-made handicaps, or they will perish in the struggle of brains. That is the reason why our shipping problem has so long been attacked from the wrong end. Everybody has been whining for a subsidy or discriminating duties or a grant in aid; nobody has been going out to fight the battle in the old spirit. We may depend upon it, however, that until we somehow win back those qualities of mind and soul which once gave us the chief place among the mercantile marines of the world, we shall never recover it. Subsidies can never prop up a man who confesses he is beaten in advance. Let all the laws which hamper our ship-builders and ship-owners be repealed; let them be given a fair field and no favors, and then let the appeal be to the old American boldness and ingenuity and proud trust that we can do business and make a profit where Englishman or German can, and we shall be taking the true way to restore American shipping.

THE CAUSES OF REVOLUTION.

The rapid growth of Russia's population is accepted as supplying one great impulse towards revolution. The misfortunes of the war with Japan may have served to precipitate the crisis, the development of industries, accompanied by an increase in the number of factory workers, may have helped to prepare the field for radical ideas; but the agrarian problem is the key of the present difficulty. The peasants call for land and liberty, but for liberty as an instrument for obtaining land. European Russia is overcrowded. The allotments assigned to the peasant communities at their emancipation in 1861 were barely sufficient, if that, at a time when the population numbered 75,000,000; these allotments are inadequate to support a peasant population of 120,000,000 in 1905 out of a total population of nearly 150,000,000. Hence, increasing poverty, famine, plague, and discontent. The argument of increasing population is recognized as valid by both parties to the Russian dispute. The progressive elements cite it as proof of the need of change. The government quotes it as a justification for existing evils. "The peasants will breed" is a formula which shifts responsibility from the shoulders of Nicholas II. and M. Stolypin to those of Providence.

A second force that drives to discontent and revolution is the spread of education, and particularly of higher education. A poverty-stricken peasantry, an unhappy city proletariat, will not stir of itself. There must be mind to work on brute matter, and of late that guiding intelligence has been amply supplied by the Russian universities and technological institutions. If the population of the Empire has doubled since 1860, the university enrolment has quadrupled since

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1873. There were 6,145 students in that year, 12,939 in 1885, 13,944 in 1894 (under the repressive rule of Alexander III. the growth was almost checked), and 19,394 in 1904. The number is not large when compared with the total population of the Empire, but it is large in proportion to the comparatively limited constituencies from which the universities draw. Given even a compact body (as the Russian "intelligence" undoubtedly is) of even a score of thousands of physicians, lawyers, schoolmasters, and technicians working for a common cause, however various the motives, and the required leadership for stirring the heavy mass of the productive classes into revolt has been supplied. A low standard of living and a high standard of education, an excess of population and an abundance of ideas, famine and enlightenment—such are the two main causes of popular discontent.

Which of these two factors is the more potent? The temptation is naturally to lay stress on the material agency, on population. We may test the point by referring to India. There discontent has been rife for two years, though there are now signs of an appeasement of popular feeling. The authorities have agreed in alleging famine and higher education to account for the unrest. An enormous population and swelling college lists—that, for instance, was the burden of Mr. Morley's exhaustive speech on the Indian budget, delivered in the House of Commons on June 6. If European Russia cannot escape famine with a population of fifty to the square mile, what shall be said of India, with a population of 211 to the square mile? And for Russia's 20,000 university students, India can show 45,000 graduates from the five great Anglo-Indian universities of Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Allahabad, and Punjab (Lahore). Nearly 41,000 of this number, as Mr. Morley is careful to point out, are graduates from the academic and legal faculties, and it is among them that sedition finds its instigators and leaders. In Mr. Morley's own words:

> All graduates, or almost all, hope for employment in the public service; and many, very many, are permanently disappointed. Facile with the pen and unfit for any but sedentary occupation, these and the still larger number of undergraduates who have failed to take a degree form a large body of men, mainly discontented and ready to advocate any change, as no change can in their view make their condition worse. Their ranks are increased by those who have been dismissed for misconduct from public or private employ, and it is from these sources that the anti-British editor and agitator is not unfrequently recruited.

The mass of British opinion is in agreement with the implied vague regret that Great Britain should have been so ready to bestow the gift of the higher learning on her Indian subjects.

In so far as concerns India's population, one striking fact must be taken into consideration. Whereas in Russia the increase for the eight years from 1897 to 1905 is officially estimated at 14 per cent., the increase for the whole of India for the decade 1891-1901 was only 2.4 per cent., and half of this was accounted for by the enumeration of new areas. In the British provinces alone the rate of growth for the ten years was 4.8 per cent., the lower figures for all India being accounted for by a decrease of 5.4 per cent. in the native states. In India, therefore, the British administrator cannot assert that his measures of relief are swamped by the unchecked upheaval of hordes of additional subjects. One great factor in his problem is nearly constant; and if dissatisfaction does come, he is right in ascribing it chiefly to education. The question Great Britain must ask is whether she will continue to encourage education at the risk of fomenting discontent. That England will do what the Czar has done, and attempt to stifle university life, is incredible. After all, it is the idea that counts. France, with a population almost at a standstill, is more distracted with political and social agitation than any other European country outside of Russia.

BÜLOW AND HIS "BLOCK."

A Mecklenburger *Junker*, who admirably conceals under the manners of the man of the world the insolence common to his rank; whose ambition does not go beyond the desire to remain at the wheel; whose political talents extend only to the solution of momentary embarrassments; who does not seek to do great things, and therefore will not make any serious fight for his principles.

This is Theodor Barth's characterization of Chancellor von Bülow in the current issue of the *Neue Rundschau*. It smacks of prophecy, in view of the cabled rumor that the Chancellor threatened to resign last week because Dr. Paasche, the National Liberal vice-president of the Reichstag, severely criticised him and his policies; and its accuracy is further illustrated by the solution of that "momentary embarrassment." By calling the leaders of the "block" together, Bülow apparently got them to forswear any independence of action and to promise to support him loyally hereafter.

Of course, all this is no sign of strength on the part either of the Chancellor or of the unnatural alliance of Conservatives, Radicals, and Liberals. No thought of such a combination appears to have entered his head until the unexpected defeat of the Socialists in the last general election necessitated some new working majority, or a healing of that breach with the Clericals which was the ostensible cause of the dissolution of the Reichstag. It is a discouraging example of the readiness with which Liberal parties will compromise with their natural enemies for the sake of a few legislative crumbs, that the German Left now presents. Von Bülow's assurance that he would "do something" for the Liberals was enough to bring them to his feet, fawning, and quite ready to strike hands with the Conservatives, who represent the opposite of their political principles as nearly as does the Clerical Centre. The Conservatives oppose the democratization of the half-absolute kingdom of Prussia, and of the German Empire. Their sympathies are with the Prussian *Junker*, the Agrarians, and the protectionists, not with those who would establish a genuine manhood suffrage. For a statesman to attempt to carry on a government by riding these two horses going in opposite directions may indicate courage, but hardly principle or far-seeing wisdom.

Indeed, many Radicals see in the "block" nothing less than a cleverly contrived plan to delay the liberalizing of the country's institutions, for which the Left stands above all else. These Radicals are not to be caught by such chaff as the bill modifying the law as to public meetings, which, true to his promise, Von Bülow has already had introduced. On its face, this seems like a genuine concession to the Liberals. The Conservatives, too, will be pleased, because they have vigorous organizations, particularly their landlords' league, which are always agitating and campaigning. But the *Junkers* in the eastern provinces of Prussia control the police so wholly that people in that section will not make too free use of their new privileges And at best the bill does not remove from meetings that symbol of Imperial authority, the helmeted policeman, who listens to every speech, and decides with such intellect as he possesses whether a given utterance is or is not permissible. Indeed, it is currently believed that, under cover of this "more liberal" law, Von Bülow will try to have passed a brief statute forbidding political speeches in Polish on the pretext that enough policemen who understand Polish cannot be found to sit on the speakers' stands—a fine measure of the Chancellor's Liberalism!

Indeed, this Polish question may be precisely the rock upon which the Liberal-Conservative coalition will split. An anti-Polish measure just introduced in the Prussian Diet provides for forcible expulsion of Polish landowners from their estates; for the German colonization and land-purchase schemes for which the government has paid so many millions have wholly failed in their purpose of weakening the Polish hold upon the eastern provinces. A Liberal party which would sanction so indefensible a

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measure would obviously forfeit public respect and all right to its name. The Liberals, in short, are being tempted in order to prevent their attacking the tariff and other evils. It is inconceivable that the Prussian aristocracy will make the slightest concession of value. Sooner than that, they would gladly renew their old friendship with the Centre, which is always ready to support the protective policy and the colonial and naval programmes.

Meanwhile the Chancellor is "sparring for time," and is, as Dr. Barth has aptly put it, going on with his "sham feeding" of the Liberal groups, so that he may get past the approaching elections for the Prussian Landtag without having to declare his real intentions as to the reform of the Prussian suffrage. Quite aside from the difficulty of keeping his majority intact, he has plenty of other hard problems. Germany is suffering somewhat from financial depression; the people are groaning under heavier and heavier loads, while the price of the necessities of life rises. Bread costs more than at any time during the last fifteen years, and coal is so expensive as to hamper industry as well as burden the householder. Bebel stated in the Reichstag recently that there are now in Berlin 4,481 school children who never get any dinner, and over 40,000 unemployed adults. Nevertheless, the new navy programme calls for an expenditure of $19,500,000 a year more than the high-water mark heretofore, and the army outlay is as heavy as ever. Naturally, therefore, there is talk of new taxes, higher duties, and of a government monopoly of all alcoholic liquors. That a Liberal party can long remain in league with a government that pursues a policy of this kind, and that it has actually promised to forego the right of criticism, seems at this distance quite incredible.

MALARIA AND POLITICS.

One of the early writers on political science justly remarked that political theory, as a rule, attains its fullest development just about the time when the institutions on which it is based are passing out of existence. Now that malaria has been banished from scientific speech by resolution of the International Sanitary Congress at Mexico City, and its place taken by "mosquito fever," it is something of a coincidence to come across a little volume entitled "Malaria," which would bind up that name with a far-reaching theory of historic evolution. The book is no less daring than suggestive. Its thesis is at once indicated by the sub-title, "A neglected factor in the history of Greece and Rome," and is summed up in a single sentence from the introductory chapter:

> The suggestion is that the conqueror of Greece was not so much the Macedonian or the Roman as that great tyrant which now holds half the world—malaria.

The little volume of 108 pages acknowledges three authors—Major Ronald Ross, whose epoch-making research into the nature of malaria brought him the Nobel prize in medicine in 1902; W. H. S. Jones of Cambridge, England, who contributes the main contents of the volume in the form of a study of malarial fever in ancient Greece and Rome; and G. S. Ellett, who has a concluding chapter on the effects of malaria on morals.

To make the point that the decline of Greece was due to the sapping of the national strength by insidious fever, it is necessary to show, of course, that malaria was not widely prevalent when Greece was in a flourishing condition. The authors find in Homer only one example of any term that might possibly designate malaria. After Homer such terms do not occur again before Aristophanes, that is, towards the end of the 5fth century B. C. To follow the argument in detail is naturally impossible, but we may quote the "conclusion":

> Malaria was certainly prevalent in many parts of Greece, including Attica, during the fourth century B. C., though Greece was not "highly infected" in the technical sense of the words, as used by Sir Patrick Manson. The evidence of language and the fact that older people were frequently attacked, suggest that the disease had been but recently introduced [by the armies returning from Asia]. The Greeks themselves noticed the effect of malaria upon character. The change which gradually came over the Greek character from 400 B. C. onward was one which would certainly have been aided, and was, in all probability, at least partially caused, by the same disease.

It may be mentioned here that, according to the findings of Major Ross, in present-day Greece nearly one million people, out of a population of some two and a half millions, are infected with malaria.

The theory we have outlined is advanced by the authors only in the most tentative way. Their object is not so much to reconstruct history as "to show how important it is to stamp out malaria as soon as possible. Most other diseases, however distressing to individuals, brace a people by weeding out the unfit; malaria plays no such useful part in the economy of nature." To the average reader, however, the historical implications of the question are fascinating. The modern historian, despite his efforts to write history so as to embody every phase of a people's life, rarely does weave the many subtle threads into his story; most often we have detached disquisitions on the Roman family, literature, art, morals, with a perfunctory attempt at bringing these into connection with the main narrative which still remains one of ships and kings and the sealing-wax on treaties and capitulations. The present volume swings far in the opposite direction. That it goes too far, however, is apparent. We may agree with Major Ross's assertion that "historians, when dealing with the rise and fall of nations, do not generally view the phenomena from a sufficiently high biological standpoint," without accepting in its entirety his statement that he sees no reason "to suppose that the Roman and the Megatherium were not struck down by similar causes."

But whatever influence malaria may have exercised on the course of history in the past, its present and future political importance, in common with other diseases more peculiarly tropical, can scarcely be questioned, This factor of disease enters intimately into what is accepted as one of the great problems of the future—the establishment of white dominion over tropical and sub-tropical Africa and Asia, and, more broadly still, of the dominance of the temperate zones over the tropics. If yellow fever and malaria, as Major Ross would be inclined to argue, are instrumental in rendering the Cubans unfit to govern themselves or the people of Colombia to build the Panama Canal, it is only a question of time before such diseases, unless stamped out, will reduce the more efficient northerner to the same level of incapacity. Great Britain's difficulties in India arise in large measure from the fact that the peninsula as a permanent home for the European has been found impossible. The effects of equatorial disease and heat on the white man are often so disastrous as to have given rise to the new disease, "tropical wrath," a condition whose symptoms are intemperance, lassitude, spasmodic violence, and appalling cruelty.

The tendency to base national greatness and national decay on physical rather than moral conditions—or, better, to identify moral with physical growth and decay—is apparent in the movement now so actively under way in Great Britain for checking the physical deterioration of the people. Francis Galton, the founder of the new science of eugenics; Prof. Karl Pearson, Sidney Webb, with G. Bernard Shaw as press agent, have been the leaders of a movement which, in more or less modified form, really constitutes one of the main functions of government in every civilized community—the conquest of disease. The great enemies, as we feel them now, are not malaria, but tuberculosis, cancer, and all other diseases that thrive on overcrowding and uncleanliness; but the principle involved is the same. The sentiment of humanitarianism is being increasingly reinforced by the desire to augment national efficiency.

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THE VISION OF THE UNSEEN.

The death of Francis Thompson, an event noticed briefly in these columns, has attracted much attention in his native England, where his following, though small, seems to have been larger than here. A poet "of celestial vision" is the epithet by which Wilfrid Meynell describes him in the London *Athenæum*. He was, however, beset with bodily ailments:

> Like De Quincey, whose writings he took into his blood, Thompson had a nervous illness in Manchester; like De Quincey, he went to London and knew Oxford Street for a stony-hearted stepmother; his wealth like De Quincey's once, lay in two volumes, for he carried Æschylus in one pocket, Blake in the other; and the parallel might have further extension, were it to profit.

That is, like De Quincey, he "doctored himself disastrously with laudanum." These physical and intellectual affinities were shared by still another poet, James Thomson, who died in 1882, wrecked by drink. James Thomson, too, had taken both De Quincey and Blake into his blood. Thomson's "To Our Ladies of Death" was directly inspired by the sisterhood of Our Ladies of Sorrow in De Quincey's "Suspiria de Profundis," and Thomson's lines on Blake in London are a cry from his own solitary soul:

> He came to the desert of London town,
> Gray miles long;
> He wandered up and he wandered down,
> Singing a quiet song.
>
> He came to the desert of London town
> Mirk miles broad;
> He wandered up and he wandered down,
> Ever alone with God.
>
> There were thousands and thousands of human kind
> In this desert of brick and stone;
> But some were deaf and some were blind,
> And he was there alone.

The last line of the first stanza is a clear echo from the brook in the opium-eater Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"—the brook

> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune.

To this group we may add one more notable name, that of our American disciple of Coleridge, Poe. Blake, who was perhaps half-insane, needed neither alcohol nor drug to open his eyes to the world of strange shapes and terrors; but all the others—Coleridge, De Quincey, Poe, James Thomson, and Francis Thompson—may have owed in part either to stimulant or narcotic their clairvoyant powers, their penetrant insight into the infinite mystery of the night that encompasses our common daylight life.

In this peculiar quality they stand by themselves. We might call them poets of delirium or of phantasmagoria, but that these words carry too strong a connotation of brutishness or sheer irrationality. They are poets rather of the dream that unlocks the gates of heaven and hell. To Blake

> The Land of Dreams is better far,
> Above the light of the Morning Star.

And so it must have been to the author of "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "Kubla Khan"; and to De Quincey, with those prose passages from the "Confessions" and the "Suspiria," builded "upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles, and beyond the splendor of Babylon and Hekatompylos"; to De Quincey who at the bedside of his dead sister heard a solemn wind begin to blow, "the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries, . . . the one great audible symbol of eternity." And Poe belongs among them, too, with his sombre imaginings of "The Raven" and of "Dreamland," a limbo of

> Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
> And chasms and caves and Titan woods,
> With forms that no man can discover.

James Thomson is perhaps less known, but no one who has read "The City of Dreadful Night" can deny his membership in the brotherhood:

> As I came through the desert thus it was,
> As I came through the desert: Eyes of fire
> Glared at me throbbing with a starved desire;
> The hoarse and heavy and carnivorous breath
> Was hot upon me from deep jaws of death;
> Sharp claws, swift talons, fleshless fingers cold
> Plucked at me from the bushes, tried to hold:
> But I strode on austere;
> No hope could have no fear.

Francis Thompson's lines are often obscure, but that obscurity is broken, as in "The Hound of Heaven," by such flashes as this vision of the Eternal:

> I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
> Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
> From the hid battlements of Eternity;
> Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
> Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again;
> But not ere him who summoneth
> I first have seen, enwound
> With glooming robes purpureal, cypress crowned;
> His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.

Accident can hardly account for the one striking trait that runs through all these writings, nor can we say that here is merely a product of poppy or vine. Far more likely is it that in their original bent these poets have burned with the passion of the mystic and the seer—coupled with physical infirmity that has made them slaves of a stimulant; and this stimulant has in turn heightened for a time their powers of expression and clad the phantoms of their imagination with richer colors and more dazzling light. Again and again we note the symptoms of disease, the fits of fever and despair, the flagging strength, the fluttering pulse, and now and then falling across the page the black shadow of death itself. And again and again we detect the working of the stimulant in phrases of almost superhuman vividness and grace, "and intellect miraculously bright."

But neither in their tears nor their laughter has the essence of their genius been displayed; rather in their mystical trances. For them our towers and gorgeous palaces, our solemn temples, and the great globe itself have been the insubstantial pageant, while the realities have lain where foot of flesh shall never tread and mortal eye shall never pierce. In this they show a kinship with the prophets and mystics of all races and climes, and, above all, with those Hebrew seers who beheld the holy city of Jerusalem coming down from above, the river of water of life clear as crystal, and the Ancient of Days, with raiment white as snow and throne of fiery flames. James Thomson in his rapture of despair saw the pit moved from beneath to meet him at his coming. Francis Thompson in his ecstasy saw on Jacob's Ladder

> To and fro
> In ascension and demission
> The star-flecked feet of Paradise.

But with visions as far asunder as hell and heaven, all these poets have clung to the one certainty that we are such stuff as dreams are made of.

GENIUS IN HARNESS.

Among recently published letters of Guy de Maupassant are several to his "cher maître," Gustave Flaubert, which illustrate many aspects of the literary temperament. There is, for example, its self-sufficiency, or persuasion that it has the whole truth in sacred deposit, as shown in Maupassant's plaint, when regretting Flaubert's absence, that he got nothing out of friends of his own age, since "they had not an idea of what is really going on." Sly digs at other writers, and other pretensions, occur in the usual manner of such correspondence. What most strikes one, however, is Maupassant's revolt at the need of work to earn his daily bread, when he would be wreaking himself upon his art. He tried his hand at book-reviewing, but found the task of literary *chroniqueur* repulsive. Then he got public employment. First, he was a clerk in the Ministry of Marine. Next, hoping for pleasanter colleagues and easier hours, he got himself transferred to the Ministry of Public Instruction. But he was disappointed. He was treated with great deference, consulted and praised, but he had no real "liberty," and that was what his artist soul craved. He dreaded that his talent was being stifled. The work was *embêtant*. He feared that his spring and hope would be destroyed by it. At one time, he mourned to Flaubert:

> My routine work uses me up. I cannot write anything. My spirit is wearied and sterile. I am oppressed by the uselessness of all I do, by the emptiness of the future (whatever it may bring), and I feel stealing over me a dejected indifference to everything. What I want is to stay quietly in

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a corner, without aspirations and without stupidities.

It is an old grief. Charles Lamb at the India Office, Hawthorne in the Salem Custom House, Matthew Arnold reading endless school-examination papers, Poe penny-a-lining—the world has long been familiar with the spectacle of genius in the treadmill. How to get it out, there have been endless suggestions. Let there be special provision for geniuses: schools, endowments, support, encouragement, state patronage, so that no immortal works shall die in coming to the birth. *Hélas!* no practicable method has been found. An occasional father is wise enough and happy enough to put a talented son in funds; fortune sometimes capriciously favors the gifted; but in general the old rule still obtains. The bantling genius has to be cast upon the rock in order to determine whether it have the stuff of life in it.

There is, we know, a comfortable but callous doctrine that you can't keep genius, any more than a good man, down. It has been gravely affirmed that no creative work was ever really aborted by poverty or by bread-winning work which exhausts and deadens. But this is a good deal like some of the circuitous reasoning about the survival of the fit. Because they survive they are fit. And similarly because, in the nature of the case, you cannot confidently single out great works which an artist or a writer might have produced if he had had money, and therefore time and energy, it is argued that no such works ever would have been wrought, even in happier circumstances. But the logic is as poor as the comfort. People will go on lamenting the misfits of genius, whereby a delicate fancy has to earn a livelihood by toil befitting a boiler-maker; and the reason is because they cannot help feeling that a nice division of the labor of the world would give freer play to creative natures, and so minister not only to the content and full development of genius, but to the general joy and well-being.

Failing hope of any such beneficent arrangement, the chief consolation we have to fall back upon is that the system of making genius work in harness has come to be accepted, and that it is a part of genius to make terms with it. In America, at any rate, the art work as the avocation, even the by-product, is the rule. How many of our painters live by their art alone, with no teaching to do, no lecturing, no snapping up in every way of the unconsidered trifles of money without which the pot will not boil? How many American writers live, even oatmeal-fashion, by the literature which they cultivate? We suspect that the fingers of one hand would almost suffice to count them. Yet somehow the world goes on being peopled with books. Talent seems to be able, in one way or another, to keep itself from being made distraught by the noise and the demands of the day—something as Senators and Representatives manage to write letters and, we hope, think great thoughts, while the President's message is being read. Absolute genius finds such detachment harder, no doubt, but, then, absolute genius is rarer.

BUNYAN.

I.

There is no province of our literature more irrevocably lost to the present than that which sprang from the Puritan theology of the seventeenth century. Who to-day goes for the consolation of hope to "The Saint's Everlasting Rest"? or who reads the voluminous sermons which were the comfort of the saints upon earth? There was a little poetry produced that still echoes plaintively to the ears of living men—how little in comparison with the songs of the enemy! Marvell, indeed, we range among the Puritans, yet his most magnificent lines—

> But at my back I always hear
> Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
> And yonder all before us lie
> Deserts of vast eternity——

occur in a poem of frankly pagan sensuousness. He wrote an "Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland," but he can only praise the victor as one who

> Could by industrious valor climb
> To ruin the great work of Time,

while the warmth of his fancy is reserved for the royal actor "upon that memorable scene." And Milton, who might seem an exception to the rule, is really the strongest proof of its validity; for his genius sinks just in proportion as he assumes the Puritan, and only the splendor of his native powers saved him in the end from dreary prosing. If his "Paradise Lost" were altogether, as he meant it to be, an argument to justify the ways of God to man, instead of the glowing pastoral it is at heart, what place would it have in our affections? Bunyan, too, is a great name. But of all the sixty books he is said to have written, who knows so much as the names of more than four or five, and who reads more than one? That one book has gone the circuit of the world, and has enjoyed a vogue second only to the Bible itself, speaking to the conscience of the vulgar and satisfying the taste of the fastidious. Nevertheless, so surely has the day of "The Pilgrim's Progress" waned that more than half a century ago Poe dared call it "a ludicrously over-rated book, owing its seeming popularity to one or two of those accidents in critical literature which by the critical are sufficiently well understood." Such condemnation is overdrawn, no doubt; but it is still true that within the last few decades the book has sunk from a work of powerful realism to a quaint allegory for the curious. Fathers, who remember how they were held spell-bound all a Sunday afternoon by the adventures of Christian, are chagrined to find that their own children listen to these coldly, or will not listen at all.

II.

In his "Grace Abounding," Bunyan relates that, as he lay in bed one morning, he was "most fiercely assaulted with this temptation, *to sell, and part with Christ.*" In his mind the wicked suggestion still kept running, "Sell him, sell him, sell him," as fast as a man could speak; until, overwearied at length and out of breath with contending, he felt this word pass through his mind, "Let him go, if he will," and he thought also that he felt his heart freely consent thereto. The burden of that sin might roll from him, as it did in time, but there was a denial of the higher imagination, not unlike it in character, which lies against almost all the writing of his school, and which has marked it for death. The continual redemption of the past is in the hands of those who have imagination, and whose interest falls naturally upon individuals and ages which lived by the same faculty. It is a rule from which there is barely, if at all, escape, that those who forget the past are in their turn forgotten. Now the lack of imagination among the Puritans showed itself in contempt of the arts and in many other manifest ways, but in none more clearly than in their violent break with the continuity of tradition. They had no patient eye for the lengthened chain of that Law, of which "there can be no less acknowledged," as Hooker wrote, having this weakness of theirs in mind, "than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power." This law they attempted to embrace immediately with the practical reason instead of leaving its dim perspective to the climbing vision of faith; and, doing so, they at once lost the true sense of the infinite as something that escapes the understanding and can be only shadowed in types and symbols, and they failed to perceive that the working of the law in human affairs is by that communion of spirit from generation to generation, whereby the past slowly ripens into the present. Their intransigeance was thus no more the result of moral conviction than of deafness to the voice which is "the harmony of the world." They were not aware that their refusal to distinguish between what Hooker calls "the rule of faith" and "the law of outward order and polity," and their consequent disregard for established custom with their proud ambition of new-creating a church-polity in accordance with the explicit decrees of God—they were not aware that all this was due to a dwarfed spirituality, unable to measure the heights and depths of being.

And this lack of imagination not only led them to "ruin the great work of Time," sundering generation from generation, but was the cause of endless present discord. "The world of imagination is infinite and eternal. . . . There exist in that eternal world the realities of everything which we see reflected in this vegetable glass of nature," said Blake, and in that sphere man, who "exists but by brotherhood," was to "put off in Self-annihilation all that is not God alone," and be everlastingly made one in the "divine humanity." Some such higher use of the visionary faculty we must hold in mind, if we would understand in what way the self-righteousness of the Puritans, which raised itself up to take heaven by storm, tended to cancel its effi-

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cacy in clashing egotisms here upon earth. The extreme individualism of this creed must not be dissociated from their incapacity for that mystical self-annihilation in the divine, and the multiplied sects of seventeenth-century England were a direct consequence of the deadening of spirituality in legalism. It was not without reason that their exhortations were based chiefly on the Old Testament. "Why is the Bible more entertaining and instructive than any other book?" again asks Blake. "Is it not because they [the Scriptures] are addressed to the Imagination, which is Spiritual Sensation, and but mediately to the Understanding or Reason?" Now, there were Platonists then in England, half-Puritans, who lost themselves in a mysticism as vague as it was irrational, but they do not represent the national tendency. The Dissenters as a rule interpreted the Bible, not through the imagination which is spiritual sensation, but through the understanding. It was inevitable, therefore, that, when this enthusiasm died away, they should be found to have prepared England for the natural religion of the eighteenth century. And when this in turn falls into disrepute, they suffer rejection with the priests who are sponsors of atheistic rationalism:

> To cast off Bacon, Locke, and Newton from Albion's covering,
> To take off his garments and clothe him with Imagination.

III.

We shall miss the significance of Bunyan if we forget that he belongs to the age of Bacon, Locke, and Newton, and that his exasperation of the moral sense is the working of their conception of legalism in the religious sphere as contrasted with Hooker's earlier and Blake's later vision of law through the imagination. Here we touch his limitation, and here, too, lies his strength which will make him always a fascinating study for the dilettante and the literary historian after he has dropped out of living memory. The four works now published by the Cambridge University Press* contain all of his writing that the most curious are likely to find interesting; they vary in form, but their theme is substantially the same: the representation of the whole of life under the allegory of the virtues and vices. The first of these, and the most interesting, with the exception of "The Pilgrim's Progress," is the "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," as the title indicates, the story of his own conversion, a story of intense earnestness. "God did not play in tempting of me," he says in the Preface; "neither did I play, when I sunk as into a bottomless Pit, when the Pangs of Hell caught hold upon me; wherefore I may not play in relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was." Dates and ordinary events form no part of this remarkable autobiography, but enough is told to give a vivid picture of the man himself who wrestled with God for salvation. "For my descent then," he begins, "it was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation; my father's house being of that rank that is meanest, and most despised of all the families in the land." As a matter of fact, his father was a tinker, or "braseyer," as he signs himself, of Elstow, near Bedford, and his son John followed the same trade all his life and with good success. The boy was put to school, where he learned to read and write. He says that, to his shame, he soon lost the little that he learned, but somehow he retained enough, or in later life reacquired enough, to steep his mind in the language of the Bible and of Fox's "Book of Martyrs." The burden of his autobiography is the inherent and absolute evil of human nature—not the sense of man's feebleness and perversity such as has always been the theme of pagan and Christian moralists, but an immediate realization of sin as bearing with it the threat of eternal and unalterable punishment. His people walked in the continual fear of hell with a troubled uneasiness, not unlike the physical suffering we should endure if the crust of the earth were no more beneath our feet than a thin shell, trembling upon the central fires that threatened at every moment to break through and devour us.

"Alas," said Baxter, "it is not a few dull words, between jest and earnest, between sleep and awake, that will rouse a dead-hearted sinner." It needed the heavy hand of eternity laid on the quick, trembling soul to make vital this thought of the world as consisting of two infinite and mutually exclusive spheres of good and evil, of God and man, between which there was no medium of communication save the arbitrary, down-reaching arm of mercy. No one has a right to believe such things without going mad, said the jocular autocrat of Boston, and long before him Baxter used almost the same words: "Did we verily believe, that all the unregenerate and unholy shall be eternally tormented, how could we hold our tongues, or avoid bursting into tears, when we look them in the face?" The mind of man swings like a hanging pendulum, and Rousseau's faith in the essential goodness of human nature, with its implied denial of infinite consequences altogether, was the inevitable and equally exaggerated reaction from which we are only now beginning to recover. The Puritan and the Rousseauist stand at the two opposite poles of rationalism.

IV.

One thing is particularly remarkable in Bunyan's religious awakening—his complete immersion in the Bible. Other men of that age knew the Scripture as he did and quoted it on all occasions, but there is something peculiarly direct and intimate in Bunyan's relation to the holy words. They became the sap of his daily speech, and the perennial fascination of his written style is due to the perfect interfusion of Biblical language and the quaint idiom of the Bedfordshire roads. The sacred book was not to him a printed page or a conscious memory; it was nothing less than the living audible voice of God, appealing to his soul through the ears, and calling to him at uncertain intervals, as if he wandered stumbling in a country of hidden oracles. Sometimes the sound came to him within doors. "Once, as I was walking to and fro in a good man's shop," he says, "bemoaning of myself in my sad and doleful state, . . . and being now ready to sink with fear, suddenly there was as if there had rushed in at the window, the noise of wind upon me, but very pleasant, and as if I had heard a voice speaking, 'Didst ever refuse to be justified by the Blood of Christ?' . . . Then fell with power that Word of God upon me, 'See that ye refuse not him that speaketh,' Heb. 12.25. This made a strange seisure upon my spirit, it brought light with it, and commanded a silence in my heart of all those tumultuous thoughts that before did use, like masterless hell-hounds, to roar and bellow, and make an hideous noise within me." More often the oracle spoke to him in the fields as he went about his business: "Now, about a week or fortnight after this, I was much followed by this Scripture; 'Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you,' Luke 22.31, and sometimes it would sound so loud within me, yea, and, as it were, call so strongly after me, that once, above all the rest, I turned my head over my shoulder, thinking verily that some man had, behind me, called me; being at a great distance, methought, he called so *loud*." What strange gusts of terror and rapture must have shaken the soul of this tinker of pots and pans, as he walked about listening always for the very voice of God to strike his ears from the invisible haunts of space! Which of us to-day dare affirm that he really comprehends that sublimity? The very nakedness of Bunyan's inspiration is a check to his fame. I turn from him to that poor Welsh physician who, during these same years of national upheaval, was following the "pleasant paths of poetry and philology" in his native valley of the Usk. Vaughan, like the Bedford Baptist, was steeped in the language of Scripture, and to most of his poems he has affixed a text, as if they were designed to be sermons of quietness to his troubled people—"I'll leave behind me such a large kind light." But how different was the speech of the divine oracle to him as he, too, travelled up and down in his healing profession:

> My God, when I walk in those groves
> And leaves. Thy Spirit still doth fan,
> I see in each shade that there grows
> An angel talking with a man.
>
> Under a juniper some house,
> Or the cool myrtle's canopy;
> Others beneath an oak's green boughs,
> Or at some bubbling fountain's eye.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Nay, Thou Thyself, my God, in fire,
> Whirlwinds and clouds, and the soft voice,
> Speak'st there so much, that I admire
> We have no conference in these days.

Here is the touch of imagination from which the Puritan conscience revolted, and, so revolting, shut itself off from the future communion of the wise. One thing was wanting to those strong men before the Lord, one thing which Wordsworth was to rediscover when the wave of rationalism for a while subsided:

> To look on Nature with a humble heart,
> Self-questioned where it did not understand,
> And with a superstitious eye of love.

They knew too surely, and they closed the *superstitious eye of love*.

V.

In due time Bunyan progressed so far as to become a preacher of authority among his own people, and even in London. He was naturally as a youth on the side of the Parliament in the struggle with Charles I., and for several years bore arms as a pri-

Life and Death of Mr. Badman and *The Holy War*. The text edited by John Brown, D.D. Cambridge English Classics. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

Grace Abounding and *the Pilgrim's Progress*. The same. 1907.

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vate soldier under Sir Samuel Luke, who is supposed to be the original of Butler's "Hudibras." But whether he became dissatisfied with the later Commonwealth, or whether his native sense of moderation in practical affairs came uppermost in time, there is reason to believe that he was among those who welcomed Charles II. back to England.

The event, however, proved disastrous to him. Within six months after the King's landing the laws against Nonconformity were revived, and Bunyan was thrown into Bedford jail. He had been forewarned of the arrest, indeed the justice who committed him seems to have been ready to make his evasion easy, but he would not promise to forego preaching, lest his cowardice should "make an ill savour in the country" and dishearten the timid. For twelve years, with one intermission, he was nominally a prisoner, part of the time being closely confined, and part of the time going free on parole. Granted the righteousness of the law, his treatment was by no means severe; at least his suffering was the world's gain, for in the forced meditation of those days he found himself and measured the strength of his genius. It was while suffering this restraint he wrote and published (1666) his "Grace Abounding," and composed the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Between his release and his death, just before the Revolution, his larger influence as a preacher was exerted, and all but one of his principal works were published—the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress" in 1678, the "Life and Death of Mr. Badman" in 1680, "The Holy War" in 1682, the second part of "The Pilgrim's Progress" in 1684.

VI.

Every one knows the beginning of his great allegory: "As I walked through the Wilderness of this World, I lighted on a certain Place where was a Den: and I laid me down in that place to sleep: And as I slept I dreamed a Dream." To how many of us those words are an *Open sesame* to the enchanted caves of childhood; hearing them we remember how all a Sabbath afternoon we would hang upon a dear voice repeating the adventures of Christian between the City of Destruction and the heavenly Jerusalem, and how in exquisite foreboding of the future we felt ourselves languish in Doubting Castle and shudder at the darkness falling in By-Path-Meadow. Naturally we cherish such memories and hesitate to believe that the new generation will never pass through that experience; we grieve to see one of the reservoirs of fruitful emotion dried up. But other times, other books; the very form of "The Pilgrim's Progress" makes us doubtful of its vital duration.

Now allegory is a mere matter of degree, and all good literature is in a measure of this class. The standing epithets of Homer show how the heroes of the earliest poetry were not entirely free from allegorical abstraction: Achilles is the personification of passionate valor, Odysseus of cunning, to name no others. So, too, we cannot separate Othello from the idea of jealousy, Macbeth from that of ambition; and these characters are none the less real, they are indeed more essentially human, because they have been moulded by the abstracting intelligence into partial types. And a good deal of Bunyan's work lies within the safe bounds of this artistic generalization. Now and then the odd names give a peculiar touch of realism to some subordinate character, such as "Temporary, who dwelt in Graceless, two miles off of Honesty, next door to one Turnback." And there is the famous Mr. By-ends of Fair-speech, who was related to "almost the whole Town; And in particular my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech (from whose Ancestors that Town first took its name:) Also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing both-ways, Mr. Any-thing, and the Parson of our Parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my Mother's own Brother by Father's side: And to tell you the truth, I am become a Gentleman of good Quality, yet my Great Grandfather was but a Waterman, looking one way, and rowing another, and I got most of my Estate by the same occupation,"—there is much good talk in this amiable and frank Mr. By-ends. And if some of these characters are still flesh and blood beneath their allegorical devices, nearly all of the symbolical places along the way have passed into the currency of the common language. The Slough of Despond, the House of the Interpreter, the upper Chamber whose window opened towards the Sunrising, Vanity Fair, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Castle of Giant Despair, the Delectable Mountains—these are names (not all of them indeed invented by Bunyan, but made his own by the right of genius) that every man, now and hereafter, must pronounce to himself when he passes through the realities in the journey of life. We shall not entirely escape them, the most prosaic of us—not even the Dark Valley and the Delectable Mountains. It is no small praise thus to have mapped out the pilgrimage of mankind.

So far Bunyan preserves the balance of art between the reason which classifies life under abstract categories and the emotional faculty which reduces it to individual and unrelated experience; so far, in a word, he possesses the literary imagination to visualize the general in the particular. But when we consider his writing as a whole, we see how far it inclines toward the abstract. Now, allegory, more precisely speaking, begins just when the golden medium of the imagination is destroyed by an overbalance of rationalism, and to that extent all four of Bunyan's greater works fall within this frigid *genre*. Even the "Grace Abounding," notwithstanding the vividness of some of its imagery and the intensity of its personal emotion, has in the end the effect of allegory; the individual experience is overshadowed by the conception of life as a debate between two moral abstractions, man the personification of absolute evil and God the personification of absolute righteousness. The story of "Mr. Badman" abounds in minute scenes of which any novelist might be proud, and it has the unexpected excellence of showing Bunyan's native common sense in the rearing of children and other practical matters; yet as a whole it also resolves itself into a representation of absolute evil, here without the counter-balance of absolute good. In "The Holy War," the least human of his books, all the named virtues and vices are on the stage, playing their phantom parts; and the allegory is made doubly unreal by the fact that the universal scheme of salvation is so confused with that of redeeming an individual soul as to keep the reader constantly perplexed to know which is meant.

VII.

In like manner it must be admitted by one who returns to "The Pilgrim's Progress" after many years that much of it belongs to a mode outworn. These Faithfuls and Helps, these friends named Pride, Arrogancy, Self-Conceit, and Worldly Glory, most but not all of these hobgoblins and angels that Christian meets by the way seem rather a childish substitute for the complexities of human nature. A good deal has been written to determine the sources from which Bunyan drew all these figures and the plan of his book. Resemblances have been pointed out to "The Fairy Queen" and to I do not know how many other books in English, not to mention foreign languages which the Bedford tinker could never have read. The real affinity of his work is with the old Morality plays whose spirit persisted in many disguised forms long after the drama of the Renaissance had usurped the stage. In those plays in which the soul of mankind is beset by all the virtues and vices, with the mouth of hell yawning on one side and heaven resting above, Bunyan would have acknowledged the true, but hidden, source of his inspiration. How like they were to his scheme may be seen from the list of characters appended to one of the Moralities, probably of the fifteenth century: "Nature, Man, Reson, Sensualyte, Innocencye, Wordly affeceyon, Bodyly lust, Wreth, Envy, Slouth, Glotony, Humylyte, Charyte," etc. It is a minor point that Bunyan, when he drops into rhyme, shows an uncouthness not unlike that of the ancient popular cycles.

The whole *genre* has something naïve about it, and one might suppose it would retain its undiminished power over the children at least of every generation. That it does not may be due to the artificial elements mixed up with the naïve, and in part also to the subtle influences that permeate an age, extending by invisible signs and accents from the old to the young. Unconsciously we transfer to the listening child a touch of our own indifference to this drama of the moralities. For allegory is a living thing only so long as the ideas it embodies are real forces that guide our conduct. Let us believe once more that life itself is a pilgrimage from inherited damnation to an eternal city beyond the river, let us believe that angels and devils are in deadly warfare for our souls, that our daily acts are sorted into virtues and vices of infinite consequence, and Bunyan's dream will again take hold of us with an interest that lies outside the domain and claims of literature. The conscience may thrill while the imagination sleeps. Until then we shall be rather in the position of the pilgrim in Hawthorne's "Celestial Railroad":

Not a great while ago (so that pleasant fable begins), passing through the gate of dreams, I visited that region of the earth in which lies the famous City of Destruction. It interested me much to learn that by the public spirit of some of the inhabitants, a railroad has recently been established between this populous and flourishing town and the Celestial City. Having a little time upon my hands, I resolved to gratify a liberal curiosity by making a trip thither. Accordingly, one fine morn-

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ing, after paying my bill at the hotel, and directing the porter to stow my luggage behind a coach, I took my seat in the vehicle and set out for the stationhouse. It was my good fortune to enjoy the company of a gentleman—one Mr. Smooth-it-away—who, though he had never actually visited the Celestial City, yet seemed as well acquainted with its laws, customs, policy, and statistics as with those of the City of Destruction, of which he was a native townsman. Being, moreover, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders, he had it in his power to give me all desirable information respecting that praiseworthy enterprise.

And so Mr. Smooth-it-away, as they speed along, points out how the road has been made safe. Apollyon drives the engine; over the old Slough of Despond a bridge has been thrown, supported on a foundation of suitable philosophy; Vanity Fair is a pleasant and salubrious town, in which passengers may stop over for a few days—and so on through a chapter of foolery worthy of Franklin for its wit, however its satire would have fallen pointless upon that magnificent and complacent citizen of the new world. He, like most of us to-day who are his children, would have felt more at his ease on that celestial railway with Mr. Smooth-it-away than with Christian and his comrades in the strait and narrow path; the *De te fabula* would have had no sting for him. It is true that the modern pilgrim had his qualms of doubt when he was carried headlong over the quaking pit and through the dark valley. P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Bible, supposed to have been the property of John Milton, and sold by the Anderson Auction Company, New York, December 3, is now brought into question. It is a fine copy of the quarto Genevan, or "Breeches," version, printed by Christopher Barker, 1588. As described in the *Nation* of November 28, p. 490, it contains a slip pasted inside the cover, with the autograph signature and date, "John Milton, February 24, 1654." On the title of the New Testament is the autograph—"Elizabeth Milton"—Milton's third wife; and on the fly-leaf is her maiden name, "Elizabeth Minshull," together with signatures of several other members of her family. The book itself is genuine, but the signatures are doubted. So far as the history of this volume can be traced, it was in 1901 the property of an Alexander Howell of London. It was sold at Sotheby's, London, on February 25 of that year, for £225, to an agent of Dodd, Mead & Co., of this city. This firm in turn sold it—presumably at an advance—to William H. Buckler of Baltimore. In all these transactions there seems to have been no doubt as to the genuineness of the signatures. Indeed, in 1904, the volume was carefully examined by Dr. W. Aldis Wright, vice-master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who is thoroughly familiar with the autograph of Milton and is an authority on seventeenth-century literature. Dr. Wright expressed entire confidence in the genuineness of this relic. He wrote:

Apart from the signature I look upon the volume as a genuine Milton relic and a Bible belonging to his third wife, to whom he was not married until eight years after the date of his signature which has been inscribed in the book. Her autograph on the title page of the New Testament is very like her signature to the receipt which she gave Symonds in 1680 for the last payment in respect of the copyright of "Paradise Lost." It is something to have seen a Bible which has in all probability been in Milton's hands.

At the Anderson auction the Bible was knocked down for $1,225 to George H. Richmond, a bookseller of this city. A. J. Bowden, who is associated in business with Mr. Richmond, suspected the signatures on the fly-leaf, because the paper is apparently "woven" and not "laid"; and "woven" paper was not made until 1750. Scrutiny of the names under a microscope led him to think they have been traced; and in this opinion he is sustained by David N. Carvalho, an expert in handwriting. Mr. Carvalho believes all the names were written by the same hand.

At the Buckler sale at Anderson's, in this city, on December 3, prices ruled well, though there was not the competition which such a collection would have provoked a few months ago. The first edition of Higginson's "New-Englands Plantation," 1630, went for $520. A copy of the second edition, of same date, but printed from a different setting of type and containing six pages additional at the end, was bid up to £100 at the Sheffield sale, in London, last month. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," 1865, a presentation copy to John Bartlett," sold for $420; the same copy brought $410 at the French sale in 1901. The copy of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," which he gave to Trelawney, with an inscription on title-page, brought $340, as against £101 at Sotheby's on December 7, 1904. Among the other prices are the following: Audubon's "Birds of America," original folio, with text, a good copy, $2,400; Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 1647, first collected edition, $146; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," first edition, 1621, $136; Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," 1837, the copy given by the author to W. C. Macready, $175; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," 1766, first edition, $405; Morton's "New English Canaan," 1637, $300; Combe's "English Dance of Death," with colored plates by Rowlandson, in the original parts, $176; Shelley's "Alastor,". 1816, $70; "The Cenci," 1819, $110; "Rosalind and Helen," 1819, $105; and Spencer's "Faerie Queene," 1590-96, $522.50.

At Hodgson's sale of November 21, in London, some valuable items of Americana went at low prices, owing, no doubt, to the lack of competitive bids from this side. The following prices were paid: Richard Eburne's "Plaine Path-Way to Plantations," 1624, a rare book with no previous auction record on a perfect copy, £70 only; Sir Robert Gordon's "Encouragements for such as shall have intention to be Undertakers in the New Plantation of Cape Briton, now New Galloway, in America," 1625, £140; Bullock's "Virginia Impartially Examined," 1649, £24; Hennepin's "New Discovery of a Vast Country in America," 1698, £13 15s.; Budd's "Good Order Established in Pennsylvania & New-Jersey in America," 1685, £101; Horsmanden's "Journal of the Proceedings," etc. (generally known as the "Negro Plot"), uncut, £51; Herrick's "Hesperides," 1648, a few headlines cut into, £48; Fielding's "Tom Jones," 1749, 6 vols., boards, uncut, but having the errata corrected, and therefore a second issue, £80; Gray's "Elegy," 1751, first edition, £104; Dickens's "Sketches by Boz," first octavo edition, 1837-1839, in the original parts, £65.

Correspondence.

A SUGGESTED STATUTE OF REASSURANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I believe it would do much toward restoring business confidence if Congress would promptly pass a short statute merely providing that there should be no fine, imprisonment, or other penalty of a criminal or quasi-criminal nature under any of the statutes regulating commerce except upon sufficient proof that the law had been violated intentionally. Such is the established construction of the National Banking Act, which at least in this respect has been found satisfactory. While we are told that ignorance of law is no excuse, it is more to the point to say that the very essence of crime is a criminal intent, and a criminal conviction cannot be morally justified in the absence of intentional wrong. While the courts are not in entire harmony, most of them appear to hold that in prosecutions under the statutes regulating commerce actual innocence of intentional wrongdoing is no defence; and some of the courts, by excluding evidence of honesty of purpose, appear to hold that under these extraordinary statutes moral innocence is not even an extenuating circumstance. Rulings of this character have recently been made in several sensational suits. When to this is added the fact that no lawyer whose opinion is worth anything on any subject would now claim to have any clear idea of what is or what is not legal under these statutes, the dilemma of the ordinary layman seems hopeless indeed, unless his obscurity may protect him from the law's wrath.

This discreditable situation has produced or is producing several important results that can be clearly distinguished:

First, the confidence of the general investing public has been profoundly shocked. This is not a groundless panic. It rests upon a very real and sufficient foundation. However sound or solvent securities may be, judged by approved standards which until lately were deemed sufficient, there can be no assurance, as the law is now construed and administered, that they will not be utterly destroyed by confiscatory judgments rendered because of mere technical violations of incomprehensible statutes. We cannot rationally expect a permanent restoration of public confidence until this very real, grave, and wholly unnecessary danger is removed.

Second, this condition is already breeding a class of political lawyers, or lawyer politicians, who thrive politically and financially by taking either the offensive or defensive as the occasion may suggest in prosecutions under these statutes, and in arranging compromises to which alarmed business men submit in order to avoid the possibility of more serious consequences. This situation promises soon to ripen into public scandal, if that point has not already been reached.

Third, this situation tends to bring the entire criminal law into disrepute even

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among law-abiding citizens. An indictment or conviction for violating the commercial laws no longer means disgrace or dishonor, and mere moral questions having become legally irrelevant are deemed practically immaterial. This catalogue of evil consequences could easily be extended without exaggeration. I cannot think of a single good result to offset them.

The much needed general revision of our statutes regulating commerce should not be hastily undertaken, but in advance of this revision the worst feature of these statutes should be promptly remedied by the measure above suggested, concerning the justice and necessity of which I see no room for rational difference of opinion.

W. J. MORONEY.

Dallas, Tex., November 23.

THE PANIC OF 1837 IN MISSISSIPPI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. F. C. Prescott's quotation from William Gilmore Simms, in the *Nation* for November 28, recalls to me another bit of testimony on the effect of the panic of 1837. In 1840 William H. Wills, of Edgecombe County, N. C., went to Mississippi to collect the debts due a North Carolina estate which he was settling. The following extract is from his journal of April 16, 1840:

I find through this county [Madison County, Miss.] some of the finest lands I have ever seen, & calculated to yield as much as any lands in the U. S. But alas! to such conditions are the people reduced in many affairs.—Speculation, speculation has been making poor men rich and rich men princes. . . . But as great as are the resources of Miss, and as valuable as are her lands, yet there were limits to both, and these limits have been passed, lost sight of & forgotten as things having no existence. A revulsion has taken place, Miss. is ruined, her rich men are poor and her poor men beggars. Millions on millions have been speculated on & gambled away by banking, by luxury, and too much prosperity, until of all the States in the Union she has become much the worst. We have hard times in No. Ca., hard times in the east, hard times everywhere, but Miss. exceeds them all. Some of the finest lands in Madison and Hinds Counties may now be bought for comparatively nothing. Those that *once commanded from thirty to fifty* dolls. per acre, may now be bought for three to five dollars and that with considerable improvements, while many have been sold at Shffs. sales at fifty cents that were considered worth from ten to twenty dolls. The people too are running their negroes to Texas & to Alabama, and leaving their real est. & perishable property to be sold or rather sacrificed. In the community where I am, it may probably be said that not one man in fifty are [*sic*] solvent & probably less a number than this but what are more or less involved. So great is the panic and so dreadful the distress that there are a great many farms prepared to receive crops & some of them actually planted, & yet deserted, not a human being to be found upon them. I had prepared myself to see hard times here, but unlike most cases the actual condition of affairs is much worse than the report. The Society is dreadful, nothing like religion and indeed not much of common honesty. Still I am of opinion that the present and the next twelve months will be the most favorable times for those who ever think of migrating from the Northern & Eastern States. Lands are not only low, but I think a grand revolution must ensue. The dishonest and the insolvent must leave the State, when I think others will come in more prudent and prepared to act upon different principles from those who preceded them. . . . I had from $8 to $10,000 due in this State and find I shall not be able to collect *one single cent.* I met one man who offered to pay $3,000 in Union money, which could not be sold for more than 40c in the dollar. I had to decline receiving it. Finding it impossible to make any collections or of securing the debts due, I concluded it was useless for me longer to remain.

All of the journal from which this extract is taken is printed in the Publications of the Southern History Association, volumes VII. and VIII.

GEORGE S. WILLS.

Baltimore, Md., November 29.

PROF. E. S. MEANY'S "VANCOUVER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have only recently read Prof. E. S. Meany's interesting book, "Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound," which you reviewed on August 17. Professor Meany's interest in Vancouver is highly creditable, and the indifference of our own historians and geographers to the memory of that celebrated explorer appears by contrast in an unenviable light. Since Americans appreciate Vancouver and his work, you will perhaps permit me to offer some criticism of one or two points in Professor Meany's book.

First, let me direct attention to the mistake in the copy of the inscription on the memorial in Petersham Church, in the burial ground of which Vancouver's remains are interred. According to this copy, Vancouver performed "*twenty-five* years of laborious survey" in the North Pacific. The actual period, of course, is *five* years, as can be seen by reference to the photographic reproduction of the tablet. I should say that the error occurs in the book from which it is quoted, but surely the obvious inaccuracy of the time mentioned ought to have struck Professor Meany. Vancouver died at the age of forty.

Professor Meany mentions that Vancouver had a brother named John. He also had a brother named Charles, who must not be confounded with the Charles Vancouver who was an inspector under the first British Board of Agriculture, and was an American by birth. Vancouver also had two sisters—Sarah and Mary. Professor Meany, in commenting on the naming of two points at the entrance of Desolation Sound, Point Sarah and Point Mary, enters into some interesting but necessarily vague conjectures as to the origin of this nomenclature. No doubt he will agree that the natural explanation is that the two points were named by Vancouver after his sisters.

W. H. HARLAND.

Ham Common, Surrey, England, November 20.

TRINITY COLLEGE AND WESLEYAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial December 5 you say, "Trinity is, we believe, tied to the Episcopal Church, and Wesleyan to the Methodist." You do Trinity College an injustice by this statement, and very probably an injury, which I am sure you will be quick to amend, so far as your *vox missa* can be recalled. Will you kindly note that the original charter of Trinity College, which is still in force, reads:

Provided always, that such ordinances or by-laws shall not make the religious tenets of any person a condition of admission to any privilege in the said college, and that no president or professor or other officer shall be made ineligible for or by reason of any religious tenet that he may profess, or be compelled, by any by-law or otherwise, to subscribe to any religious test whatsoever.

It may be interesting to note that only a small minority of the faculty, and a considerable minority of the students, are Episcopalians. In no way is the college "tied to the Episcopal Church." Trinity is, and has been, true to the spirit as well as to the letter of her broad-minded charter.

You might also note that Wesleyan University is no longer "tied to the Methodist Church." Her charter was changed last spring by the Connecticut Legislature, at the request of her board of trustees; and although it does not, as the Trinity charter does, prohibit religious and ecclesiastical tests, it no longer directly imposes any.

ELMER TRUESDELL MERRILL.

Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., December 6.

Notes.

Scribner's announce a definitive reissue of "The Novels and Tales of Henry James," in twenty-three volumes, to be called the New York edition. This will contain all the fiction that Mr. James thinks worthy of preserving. All the works, particularly the early ones, have been scrupulously revised by the author, who has also provided prefaces narrating the circumstances under which the stories were conceived and executed, and to a certain extent interpreting them.

Early in the New Year the Macmillan Company will publish a work on "Modern Egypt" by the Earl of Cromer.

E. P. Dutton & Co. publish this week "Vasari on Technique," translated from the "Vite" by Louisa S. Maclehose; and "The Growth of English."

The issue of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for December contains a portrait of Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, a sonnet addressed to him by Mrs. Edith Wharton, and letters and articles on his work by Ambassador Bryce, President Eliot, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Richard Watson Gilder, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William Dean Howells, Professors George Herbert Palmer, Bliss Perry, and Goldwin Smith, and Andrew D. White.

William Raimond Baird has compiled and publishes himself "The Handbook of Beta Theta Pi," now in its second edition, as authorized by the convention of 1906.

"How to Collect Postage Stamps," by Bertram T. K. Smith, has been published in London by George Bell & Sons and in this country by the Macmillan Co. The volume is excellently printed and amply illustrated by photographic reproductions of rare stamps; it contains a bibliography and index. Another work in the same field is the first volume of "Postage Stamps and Their Collection," by Warren H. Colson, published in Boston by the author. He plans a series of handbooks describing the great collectors and collections of the world. This first issue, with an introduction by F. Apthorp Foster, describes the stamps of Dr. W. C. Bowers of Bridgeport,

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Conn. The press work is unusually good, and there are many photographic fac-similes.

In his "Heresy of Job" (New York: John Lane Co.) Francis Coutts has made an interesting arrangement of the text of that ancient book, in the manner so much in fashion nowadays, as in the "Modern Reader's Bible," with the aim not merely of bringing out the literary value of the poem, but also of showing the direction and force of the argument. In this purpose he has relegated the "harangue" of Elihu the Buzite to an appendix as an interpolation, and has divided the remaining matter into a "prologue," a "debate," and an "epilogue," at the same time separating the speeches, naming the speakers, and spacing their lines in accordance with his notion of their poetic significance. His general idea, too, of the meaning of the poem he has reinforced by an introduction and a preface, wherein he justifies his title and conception. Job he conceives to be a heretic because he refuses to accept the teaching of religion as final, or, indeed, to profess any dogma in which he is unable to believe, but insists upon wrestling directly with God for His blessing; so that the book as a whole becomes something more than "a fine exposition of the mystery of sin and suffering"—or a primitive discussion of the data of tragedy, to which Renan would pretty nearly reduce it. To these particulars not a little interest is added by the excellent reproductions of Blake's original illustrations or "inventions," which, it must be confessed, assort a little incongruously with all this typography, wide margins, bright blue binding, and paper label.

On November 28, 1767, Horace Walpole wrote:

> It occurred to me some years ago that the picture of Richard the Third, as drawn by historians, was a character formed by prejudice and invention.

To the body of literature which begins with this conjecture Sir Clements Markham has recently added the most important title, "Richard III.: His Life and Character" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It will be remembered that as long ago as 1891 he published in the *English Historical Review* a vindication of Richard which was at the same time an attack on Henry VII. And from Walpole's time till now all admirers of Richard have been forced to heap obloquy upon Henry. Either that tradition which so long held the field, and which still claims the support of James Gairdner, is sound, or the court historians who flourished under Henry VII. deliberately set out, at the instance of their master, to construct a myth. According to the anti-Tudor theory, Archbishop Morton is the chief offender among these party pamphleteers, with Polydore Vergil, Rous, and Fabyan engaged in close competition for second place. "It is easy to perceive," says Walpole, "under all the glare of encomiums which historians have heaped on the wisdom of Henry the Seventh, that he was a mean and unfeeling tyrant. I suspected that they had blackened his rival, till Henry, by contrast, should appear in a kind of amiable light." Likewise Sir Clements Markham:

> He was essentially un-English. He was a near relative of Louis XI., and he made that mean tyrant his model. He hated English freedom, and that intimate contact with the people which made the Plantagenets popular. . . . He was penurious, greedy, and mean. . . . He was very superstitious. When his own interests were not concerned he was not devoid of natural affection, and he recoiled from crime. Yet he became capable of any foul deed if he deemed it necessary for his own security.

With the arguments in this case all historians are by this time fully familiar, and we shall not debate the evidence. At the present moment it is Sir Clements Markham versus James Gairdner. The present volume makes a distinct advance on the article in the *English Historical Review*, but it is not wholly convincing. The author seems to think it impossible that a ruler with the political virtues which nowadays are pretty freely credited to Richard should at times have been guilty of crime. He is also over fond of exclamation points and the mood which accompanies them.

The Roman Journals of Ferdinand Gregorovius, 1852-1874, edited by Friedrich Althaus, and translated from the second German edition by Mrs. Gustavus W. Hamilton, have been published by the Macmillan Company. These journals, first issued in German fifteen years ago, are already as nearly classic as any work of such recent date can be. Their general qualities are too well known to require description here. We only wonder that English readers should have had to wait so long for a translation of a book which has made the tour of Continental Europe. Gregorovius went to Italy in 1852 at the age of thirty-one. Not long afterward, he conceived the idea of writing the history of the city of Rome—an undertaking which kept him in Italy until 1874. During this period, he not only came to know the best Italian society intimately, but also the cosmopolitan throng of celebrities who visited the Eternal City from season to season. So his journals have a threefold interest. First, they enable us to trace his progress on his history, and, incidentally, to get an insight into his sturdy character. Next, they throw very important side-lights on Italian and Papal politics in the last years of the Papal dominion. Finally, they give many characteristic sketches of the distinguished statesmen, authors and painters whom Gregorovius met. He took his responsibility as historian seriously, and carried out his work with that thoroughness which used to be regarded as an exclusively German quality. But he was much more than the typical German, or Germanized, pedant. He was a poet; a romancer; a writer of *Reisebilder* which still, after fifty years, keep their charm; a lover of classical literature; an enthusiast for liberty. The entries in his diary, often brief, are like the thumbnail portraits or landscapes or memoranda which the etcher jots along the margin of his plate. You can open the book anywhere and be sure to find entertainment; for the student of history, there are many invaluable notes; for the observer of social life there are the most varied sketches, and even gossip.

"Tsze teèn piao mŭh: A Guide to the Dictionary," an essay "exhibiting the 214 Radicals of the Chinese written language, arranged according to the mnemonic system of William Stokes," by Thomas Jenner, member of the China Society, is issued in a second edition by Luzac & Co. of London. The gist of the work is the application of the mnemonic system of William Stokes to a number of objects of study connected with the Far East. The 214 Radicals, which serve as keys to the thousands of characters forming the Chinese written language, are indeed a crux to the memory of most Western students; but it seems a matter of taste and individual inclination whether just this, or indeed any other artificial help to the memory, will render the study less difficult than it is otherwise. Whoever wishes to become proficient in the reading, or as we ought to call it, deciphering, of a Chinese book, must build up a memory *ad hoc*. At the very first a student will think it next to impossible to retain in his memory merely as many as half a dozen of those signs of which, in order to become an efficient reader, or "decipherer," he is expected to learn as many thousands. But he will soon find that his faculty of remembering characters increases like an avalanche. This avalanche, however, absorbs all his mnemonic powers, occupies all the chambers of his brain, and leaves but little room for remembering certain other useful things, such as the faces and names of his friends or the identical hat, umbrella, or pair of rubbers which is his. Nevertheless, the creation of a special memory for ideograms is as much a *sine qua non* of success to the would-be Chinese reader as the faculty to remember his parts is to an actor. Mnemonics are merely a substitute for the genuine article, a good memory; they act like narcotics, which will produce sleep, but spoil the faculty of sleep the more we become addicted to their use. Mr. Jenner applies the mnemonic system not only to the Chinese Radicals, but also to Chinese chronology, and names of dynasties and Emperors from Yü down to Kuang-sü, the present sovereign. The following matters are also treated, or maltreated: the names of the eighteen provinces and the principal cities of China, the Japanese Hiragana and Katagana syllabary, the Emperors and the geography of Japan.

The occasional addresses of the Rev. Charles Edward Jefferson in the volume "The New Crusade" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) reveal a man of intense moral conviction and the faculty of putting needed truth in effective form. The crusade which he preaches is that of individual redemption in an age mad after social improvement. As members of the crusading army he seeks "consecrated personalities," great men, devoted to truth and righteousness. Religion he conceives as "a form of power." His subjects are varied, but the underlying thought is the need of larger and nobler manhood rather than of multiplied laws and more highly developed institutions. His exposition of Christian Science, its source of strength, its limitations, and its message to spiritual leaders, is especially discerning.

The Kirchliches Jahrbuch, edited by Pastor J. Schneider, and published by C. Bertelsmann, Gütersloh, has appeared for the current year as the thirty-fourth volume of the series. Students wishing for the latest and most complete data on any particular of German church organization or work, will find here official statistics, intelligently arranged, and carefully digested. The

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different departments are in the hands of specialists. The Jahrbuch contains among other things a full list of the church authorities, and the new church laws of the past twelve months.

Of the "Realencyklopaedie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche," begun by J. J. Herzog, but now being edited in its third edition by Prof. Albert Hauck, the historian in the Leipzig theological faculty, the nineteenth volume, reaching from Stephen to Tonsur, has just been published by the house of Hinrichs, Leipzig.

A compact, but clearly written book of 231 pages, entitled "Soziologie: Positive Lehre von den menschlichen Wechselbeziehungen," by Ratzenhofer, has just been published by F. A. Brockhaus, in Leipzig. Ratzenhofer, who died in 1904, in the sixty-second year of his age, was an officer in the Austrian army, from which he retired after attaining the rank of lieutenant-field-marshal in 1898. In addition to several works on military affairs he published during the last ten years of his life a number of volumes on ethical, economical, social and political problems, one of which, "Positive Ethik," was favorably noticed some years ago in these columns. The present treatise was found among his posthumous papers, and has been edited with occasional annotations by his son. The book may be characterized as a comprehensive summary of Ratzenhofer's former investigations, including important features and functions of social evolution, the origin of social aspirations and impulses and their realization in individual life and human institutions. The author emphasizes the immense significance of the family as a mirror of society and a means of promoting civilization through the development and transmission of desirable personal characteristics. Of special interest at the present time are the views of the author, as a military man of high rank and acknowledged capacity, on the question of disarmament. He approves of the proposal to reduce armaments not only in the interests of peace and the industrial progress and general prosperity of the nation, but also as the best means of increasing the efficiency of the army. Many States, he says, have gone to excess in applying the principle of universal military service, and in this respect Germany is the chief delinquent. Every mobilization fills the hospitals with physically incompetent recruits, who, if not compelled to enlist, would devote themselves to peaceful pursuits and thus increase the wealth and further the material welfare of the nation. The only remedy for this evil is the reduction of the size of the army by raising the standard of martial competency, a measure which would contribute to the economical advancement and general prosperity of the country.

Since the publication of W. G. Aston's "History of Japanese Literature" (London, 1899) and Tomitsu Okasaki's "Geschichte der japanischen National-literatur" (Leipzig, 1899), European scholars have devoted themselves with peculiar ardor to the study of this subject, and one of the most valuable results of these researches is Dr. Karl Florenz's "Geschichte der japanischen Literatur," just issued by Amelung in Leipzig. The author, a German, has held for eight years a professorship of German literature and comparative philology in the Imperial University at Tokio, and has taken advantage of this position to acquire a thorough knowledge of Oriental culture, especially as reflected in the intellectual development and literary productivity of the Japanese. In the work before us he gives a comprehensive historical and critical survey of these national characteristics and achievements from the earliest times to the present day, concluding with an account of the revival and transformation of the national prose and poetry under European influences during the last quarter of a century. In 1882, three Japanese scholars published a volume entitled "Shintaishi-Sho" (Poems in New Style), consisting chiefly of translations from the English, such as Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and some of the odes and idylls of Tennyson. Professor Florenz draws some striking parallels between Japanese novelists and their European compeers and contemporaries, from 1642 to 1842; of these examples we will mention only the comparison of Kyoden with Samuel Richardson, Bakin with Goethe, Ryutei Tanehiko with Walter Scott, and Tamenaga Shunsui with Dumas. Indeed, the Japanese novel has passed through all the phases of European fiction and reached its climax during the first half of the nineteenth century. Owing to strong prejudice against the stage and a prevalent feeling of contempt for actors, the drama has hitherto held an inferior place in Japanese literature, and although quite recently a marked improvement has been made in this respect, our author asserts that "centuries will elapse before the Japanese shall have reached the same stage of development as the Europeans in the province of the drama," an opinion confirmed and, in fact, first expressed by the Japanese critic Tsubouchi, in an essay, "Wagner and the Music-Drama," published in 1904. As yet the enthusiastic efforts of this Oriental Wagnerite to introduce the operas of the great German composer have proved unavailing, owing to the desultory and frivolous character of Japanese music as an accompaniment to the dance.

An abundance of new and interesting details are found in the report of the German expedition to Abyssinia, published by Felix Rosen, under the title "Eine deutsche Gesandschaft in Abyssinien," with 160 illustrations and a map (Leipzig: Veit & Co.). It is nearly three years since Dr. Rosen headed this expedition to the Negus Negesti of Ethiopia, bringing him the gifts of the German Emperor and succeeding in the establishment of a commercial treaty. It is particularly the student of natural history and of the customs of this historic people who will profit by the perusal of this volume. The author aims chiefly, as he himself states, to give the *Reiseeindrücke eines Naturforschers*, and the whole is characterized by a simple and straightforward account of what the author saw and heard.

"The Future of Austria-Hungary and the Attitude of the Great Powers," by "Scotus Viator," published a few months ago by Archibald Constable & Co., London, has been translated by Elsa Brockhausen, and appears with a special introduction by Prof. C. Brockhausen, under the title "Die Zukunft Oesterreich-Ungarus und die Haltung der Grossmächte" (Vienna: Franz Densicke), Professor Brockhausen, who is a member of the law faculty in the University of Vienna, declares that the author of this work is one of the very few outsiders who understand the political status in Austro-Hungary, and hence knows why the preservation of the dual monarchy *in statu quo* is a vital necessity to the peace of Europe. Pan-Germanism he declares to be folly. Professor Brockhausen's purpose, in part at least, in bringing out this translation, is to give his compatriots, especially the Magyars, the views of an intelligent and thorough foreign student of Austrian affairs.

"The wish to make the Swedish poet I like best known by people of the nations I like best" is given as the reason why A. W. Björck, a former resident of this country, has translated into English a few of the poems of Gustaf Fröding, one of the most original as well as one of the most popular of modern Swedish poets (Stockholm: Björck & Börjesson).

Eugène Revillout, curator of the Egyptian collections of the Louvre Museum, publishes the third volume of "L'Ancienne Égypte d'après les papyrus et les monuments." It comprises 167 pages, continuing the subject of woman in Egyptian antiquity. Jean Capart, curator of Egyptian antiquities of the Royal Museum, Belgium, continues his publications by two quarto volumes (one text, one of 117 plates) entirely devoted to "Une Rue de tombeaux à Saqqarah." The excavations of this street, "the corner of an Egyptian Pompeii," were made from 1807 to 1899, by Prof. Victor Loret of the University of Lyons. Two other *savants* of Lyons, Dr. Lortet of the Faculty of Medicine (not to be confounded with Professor Loret), and C. Gaillard, curator of the Natural History Museum, publish 110 pages of text, with 66 illustrations, on "La Faune momifiée de l'ancienne Égypte et recherches anthropologiques."

H. Pognon, French consul, begins at the Imprimerie Nationale the important publication of the Semitic Inscriptions of Syria, Mesopotamia and the region of Mossûl. The first part, a quarto volume, contains 42 inset plates. The second part will appear in 1908. The price of the two (which are not sold separately) is 60 francs.

The new and first really substantial fragments of Menander, which have excited great interest from the description of Professor Croiset, have been published in plates from the original papyrus (ed. Lefebvre) at the price of 25 francs.

The third volume of the unique "Sources inédites de l'histoire du Maroc," by Count Henry de Castries, has appeared in Paris.

The first volume of the "Catalogo dos Livros sobre o Brasil," by J. C. Rodrigues, comprising the titles and indications of 2,646 separate works, and covering the entire colonial period (1492-1822) has appeared in Paris. Only 200 copies have been printed, of which only 15 are to be sold at the price of 130 francs. The importance of such bibliography to students working

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in so imperfectly cultivated a field as South American history may easily be seen. The book may be obtained also from Bernard Quaritch, of London.

The Rhodes scholars, according to the report just issued of the Trustees of the Fund, are doing credit to themselves and the countries from which they come. Eight "Firsts" were won by them during the past year, and they received several of the principal university distinctions. Out of the one hundred and sixty now in residence, twenty-four are reading for Classical Honors, eighteen for history, and ten for theology. Jurisprudence, however, attracts the greatest number, thirty.

The Archæological Institute of America and the American Philological Association will meet at the University of Chicago, December 26 to 30. The managing committees of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome and of the American School of Oriental Study and Research in Palestine will hold their meetings in conjunction with this gathering. At the sessions of the Institute and the Association papers will be read or presented by Paul Shorey, Frank B. Tarbell, John M. Manly, and Frank Frost Abbott of the University of Chicago; Maurice Bloomfield, Kirby F. Smith, Wilfred P. Mustard, Harry L. Wilson, and David M. Robinson, Johns Hopkins; J. E. Harry and George H. Allen, University of Cincinnati; Hamilton Ford Allen, University of Illinois; Roy C. Flickinger and John Adams Scott, Northwestern University; George Depue Hadzits, University of Pennsylvania; Arthur Fairbanks, director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; Caroline L. Ransom, Bryn Mawr; George H. Chase, David G. Lyon, George F. Moore, Julius Goebel, and Arthur Stanley Pease, Harvard; Joseph Clark Hoppin, Washington, D. C.; Alfred Emerson, Art Institute of Chicago; Thomas Day Seymour and P. V. C. Baur, Yale; Francis W. Kelsey, Campbell Bonner, and Henry A. Saunders, University of Michigan; D. G. Hogarth, director of the Cretan Exploration Fund; James M. Paton, Cambridge, Mass.; Edgar L. Hewett, director of American Antiquities; Charles H. Weller, State University of Iowa; Herbert C. Elmer, Cornell; Thomas Fitz-Hugh, University of Virginia; Curtis C. Bushnell, Syracuse University; W. S. Scarborough, Wilberforce University; Arthur L. Frothingham, Princeton, N. J.; La Rue Van Hook, Princeton University; Herbert C. Tolman, Vanderbilt University; Jesse Benedict Carter and Esther B. Van Deman, American School of Classical Studies in Rome; and Arthur S. Cooley, Auburndale, Mass.

The programme for the Fourth Annual Meeting of the American Political Science Association, to be held at Madison, Wis., December 27-31, includes papers and addresses by Frederick N. Judson, St. Louis; Leo S. Rowe, University of Pennsylvania; John Barrett, director of the Bureau of American Republics; William R. Shepherd, Columbia University; Hiram Bingham, Yale; Bernard Moses, University of California; J. Allen Smith, University of Washington; George H. Haynes, Worcester Polytechnic Institute; James W. Garner, University of Illinois; Jesse Macy, Iowa College; Thomas F. Moran, Purdue University; Charles E. Merriam, Ernest Freund, and Floyd R. Mechem, University of Chicago; Benjamin F. Shambaugh, University of Iowa; W. S. U'Ren, Speaker of the Oregon Assembly; George A. Thacher, Portland, Ore.; W. B. Munro, Harvard; Cephas D. Allin, University of Minnesota; Charles McCarthy, legislative librarian of Wisconsin; John Whitehead, State Senator of Wisconsin; John Bell Sanborn, Madison; Herman E. Ekern, Speaker of the Wisconsin Assembly; E. A. Gilmore, University of Wisconsin; Clarence B. Lester, legislative librarian of Indiana; Frank M. Hoyt, Milwaukee; Roscoe Pound, Northwestern University; James E. Babb, president of the Idaho Supreme Court Building Commission; Horace E. Deemer, justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa; Samuel J. Barrows, secretary of the Prison Association of New York; Francis E. McGovern, district attorney of Milwaukee; and Rudolf Leonhard, University of Breslau.

The annual report of the Osaka Library, Japan, is a record of remarkable activity, and reflects conditions of popular use much like those prevailing in American cities. The library has a total of 53,845 volumes, of which 48,507 are Japanese and Chinese and 5,338 in various European languages. The circulation for the year was 372,845 volumes, 16,554 of which were foreign. These figures show that the entire stock of the library was turned over an average of seven times during the year, a record that few American libraries of any size can equal. According to the classified table of Chinese and Japanese books, there are under literature, 8,644 volumes; history, 7,733; general works, 7,445; philosophy, 3,629; useful and fine arts, 2,338, philology, 1,723; religion, 1,282. Of the total circulation, 92,427 volumes were in philology and literature, 50,711 in the arts 35,872 in history and allied subjects. To an American librarian, the striking thing is the relatively large supply of books in philosophy and philology, and the large circulation of books in the arts. The classification of visitors to the library shows that of the total, numbering 105,237 persons, 3,308 were women, 15,167 business men, 1,574 government officials, and 45,690 students.

The National Literary Society of Dublin has issued a final appeal for money to complete the Clarence Mangan Memorial. Only £30 is now lacking. The memorial, the work of the sculptor Oliver Sheppard, will be ready this month.

Edward Manning Ruttenber, a local historian, died at Newburgh December 5. He was born in Bennington, Vt., in 1825, and he was in journalism both in Newburgh and Goshen. From 1863 to 1865 he was connected with the Bureau of Military Records at Albany. He was author of "History of Newburgh," 1859; "History of Regimental Flags," 1865; "History of Obstructions to Navigation of the Hudson River, 1776"; "History of the Indian Tribes of the Hudson River," "History of Orange County," 1581; and numerous other monographs.

The death is announced, in his seventy-fourth year, of Prof. Karl Ruland, director of the Grandducal Museum in Weimar, one of the founders of the Goethe Society, and director of the Goethe National Museum. He wrote largely on Goethe and other literary topics.

Prof. Adolf Kressner of Cassel has died at the age of fifty-four. He has to his credit a long list of works on philological subjects, chiefly of the Romance languages; among them: "Grundriss der französischen Literatur," "Geschichte der provenzalischen und französischen Literatur," "Rustebuef," and "Antologia de Poesia Española."

Carlotta Ferrari has just died in Bologna at the age of sixty-seven. She was both musician and poetess. She wrote two operas "Ugo" and "Eleonora d'Arborea," but was best known for her poem, in ten cantos, on "Dante Alighieri."

NOTES ON HOLIDAY BOOKS.

In his "English Society of the Eighteenth Century in Contemporary Art" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), Randall Davies has made what may be called a happy *vade mecum* for readers of the novels and letters of the period. It is not an erudite book; the sources drawn on for the text are chiefly such familiar authors as Swift, Walpole, Miss Burney, Goldsmith, and De Saussure—and are the more interesting for this. More diligence was required to get together the illustrations, taken in part from the well-known pictures of Hogarth, Reynolds, and Zoffany, but in large measure also from engravings now in private possession, and not easily got at. The charm of the book lies in the parallel reproduction of eighteenth century life in text and illustration; in reading, for instance, a page about Vauxhall from "Evelina," with Mr. Davies's account of that famous garden, and in having before the eye at the same time a good reproduction of T. Rowlandson's engraving. The pictures take a pretty wide range of satire and sentiment.

For artistic and literary traveller alike, the cathedrals and châteaux of France are an inexhaustible field, and every year at this season we have a group of books exploiting the subject. This year Francis Miltoun, the most industrious cultivator of the ground, takes up the "Castles and Châteaux of Old Navarre, and the Basque Provinces" (L. C. Page & Co.). Mr. Miltoun's method as a traveller is now so well known as scarcely to need characterization here. The book is tastefully printed, with illustrations from paintings, "made on the spot," by Blanche McManus. Another series continued is by Elise Whitlock Rose, with illustrations from original photographs by Vida Hunt Francis. This season their subject is "Cathedrals and Cloisters of Midland France" (2 vols., G. P. Putnam's Sons). History, architectural description, and anecdote are wrought together as in most books of the sort. The illustrations are numerous, and give both general and detailed views of the buildings. A third work is of somewhat different character. As the result of notes taken down during five summers spent together in France, Herbert Marshall and Hester Marshall have written their "Cathedral Cities of France" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), to which the first-named collaborator has added sixty illustrations in color. The writing is simple and dignified; the pictures are in some cases clear and attractive, but in others show that blotchy, messy surface which is still the bane of most color printing.

In his "Nooks and Corners of Old England" (Charles Scribner's Sons), Allan Fea records, in the genial topographical manner with which countless books of this type

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have made us familiar, his visits to a number of manor houses and churches that lie out of the path of the tourist, but are quite as interesting in their way as the show places. These nooks he makes known by a series of charming photographs, accompanied by lively descriptions of local superstitions and rural customs. In these backwaters of English life, the influence of the board school and the factory and the decline of agriculture are little felt and the old ways are kept up with spirit. When a young girl dies, a "virgin's crown" of thin wood covered with paper and decorated with black and white rosettes with paper gloves hung in the middle, is still carried before the coffin and placed high on the wall inside the church. In a little village in northern Derbyshire, the villagers still make offerings of flowers at the wells and springs on Holy Thursday, a custom that dates from the time of Nero. Mr. Fea has a large store of curious information. At Erwarton, where Anne Boleyn's heart was buried, according to her desire, he is reminded of the fate of the heart of Louis XIV., which is so extraordinary that we repeat it here. An ancestor of Sir William Harcourt was presented with the heart by a French canon who had saved it from the mob when the tomb was rifled during the Revolution. Many years after, Buckland, the Dean of Westminster, was shown the relic by the Harcourts, and whether by design or accident, "before he could be stopped he put the heart in his mouth and swallowed it. Very shortly afterwards he died and was buried in Westminster Abbey. It is impossible that he should ever have digested the thing. It must have been a pretty tough organ to start with, and age had almost petrified it. Consequently the heart of Louis XIV. must now be reposing in Westminster Abbey in the body of an English Dean." This rivals the adventures of the heart of the great Montrose which was enclosed in a steel case, found its way into a collection of curios in Holland, was recovered by the descendants of Montrose and taken to Madeira. There it was stolen and sold as a charm to an Indian chief. Recovered once more and taken back to Europe, it was deposited temporarily with a lady at Boulogne, who hid it in a safe place and promptly died, leaving no clue, so that the Napiers still lament the heirloom, though they do not despair of its recovery. Evidence of the indiscriminate hospitality of the old English squire is to be seen in more than one English manor house where the common road led right through the great hall of the house, and all who passed by were warmed and fed. Mr. Fea is an expert in secret chambers and hiding places, especially those used by Royalists and by priests at the time of the persecution of Catholics.

In "A Tuscan Childhood" (The Century Co.) Miss Lisi Cipriani makes a real contribution to books on child life. She tells how a large family of children were brought up, chiefly in the country, thirty years ago in Tuscany. German and English governesses, the peasant retinue indoors and out, the conscientiously strict mamma, the austere, matter-of-fact father, and the children themselves, full of mischief and emotions, are pictured sympathetically, but without mincing words. There are many humorous episodes—as when Lisi herself fell into the water—and some pathetic ones—as when the superstitious Teresa was terrorized by the cat. The book is intended for grown-up readers, but the young will enjoy many parts of it.

A reprint of Erasmus's "Against War," by the Merrymount Press, Boston, would be justified merely by the exquisite typography. The font selected is clear and pleasing, most grateful to the eye in reading; and the page is comely. J. W. Mackail writes the introduction, in which he points out how this treatise grew, with Erasmus, as the fire burned, from small beginnings to these full proportions. The translation followed is that of the earliest English version, published originally by the King's printer. Mr. Mackail sees an aptness in this reissue, at a time when a new glorification of war is afflicting the nation. Erasmus does not exactly "ingeminate peace with Falkland," but he does set forth war in its true colors, as a thing repugnant to humanity and the very denial of the Christian faith.

Though Welsh folklore has had a good deal of attention from Sir John Rhŷs and others, up to this present no collection has appeared of Welsh tales arranged for the use of children. With this branch of legends the younger generation, even in Wales itself, has had but little opportunity of becoming familiar. This want bids fair to be supplied by W. Jenkyn Thomas's "Welsh Fairy Book" (London: T. Fisher Unwin). Students of Celtic folklore will not be surprised to find that in this dainty volume a large part is played by the "Tylwyth Teg," or "little people," and the lake maidens. Many of the most attractive stories, "The Curse of Pantannas," "The Lady of the Lake," the "Llanfabon Changeling," the "Fairy Wife," etc., centre round them. It is noteworthy that while in some cases it has been necessary to piece scraps together, nothing has been inserted that is not traditional. The book has been charmingly illustrated by Willy Pogany, and should form a welcome addition to the Christmas gift-books.

Among the reprints of poetry specially prepared for Christmas gifts is Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," illustrated in color and line by Robert Anning Bell. It is published by J. M. Dent & Co. in England and E. P. Dutton & Co. in this country. Dutton also issues Longfellow's "Evangeline," with illustrations in color by Arthur Dixon; and Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," illustrated by Paul Hardy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have an edition of "The Hanging of the Crane," with illustrations in color by Arthur I. Keller; and John W. Luce, Boston, Longfellow's "Wooing of Hiawatha," on paper and in binding to imitate birch-bark. George Wither's "Christmas Carroll," with pictures and text drawn by Frank J. Merrill, comes from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. Sidney Lanier's "Hymns of the Marshes" is "illustrated from nature" by Henry Troth, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Standard fiction is represented by Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," with twenty-four colored illustrations by C. E. Brock, and Dickens's "Haunted Man" and "Battle of Life," with pictures by the same artist. All three of these volumes come from E. P. Dutton & Co. T. Y. Crowell & Co. adds Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth" in thin paper and limp leather. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," with illustrations by Arthur Rackham—fantastic and on the whole successful, though not Tenniel—is published by Doubleday, Page & Co. A. C. McClurg & Co. offer "Immensee," translated from the German of Theodore Storm by George P. Upton. The volume is prettily illustrated and decorated by Margaret and Helen Maitland Armstrong. Under standard fiction we may also class one of the most beautiful books of the season, "The Ingoldsby Legends," illustrated by Arthur Rackham. In 1898 Dent & Co. of London published the "Legends" with about one hundred pictures by Mr. Rackham, to whose talent the task of illustrating such a work of fantasy is peculiarly congenial. Many of these drawings have been worked over and reproduced on a larger scale, a number of new drawings (in black and white and in color) have been made, and the text has been revised and reset in a large, clear type. The publishers (E. P. Dutton & Co., in this country) now offer the volume as an "edition définitive de luxe" of a favorite classic.

The market is, as usual, abundantly supplied with Christmas booklets, for the most part attractive reprints of standard works. The Century Company gives us in its Thumb-Nail Series Dickens's "Seven Poor Travellers" and "The Holly Tree," Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey," and Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn." Paul Elder & Co.'s Abbey Classics include such books as Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," Milton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," and Longfellow's "Building of the Ship." The same firm prints "The Sea Fogs" from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Silverado Squatters," with an introduction by Thomas Rutherford Bacon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. issue Hood's "Faithless Nelly Gray," with amusing illustrations, after the manner of old woodcuts, by Robert Seaver; Mitchell Kennerley of New York, Solomon's "Song of Songs," FitzGerald's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," "Early Poems of Dante Gabriel Rosetti," Vernon Lee's "Sister Benvenuta," and A. E. Housman's "Shropshire Ladd"; T. Y. Crowell & Co., in the Handy Volume Classics, "Best American Tales," edited by W. P. Trent; "Little Flowers of St. Francis," translated by W. Heywood; Long's translation of the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," Thoreau's "Cape Cod," and Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici." The same firm gets out in a white binding Henry van Dyke's "Battle of Life" and "The Good Old Way," Johanna Pirscher's "Growth without End," Annie Payson Call's "Heart of Good Health," and J. R. Miller's "Glimpses of the Heavenly Life." Duffield & Co. offer Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and his first and second Inaugural Addresses, Washington's Farewell Address, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, FitzGerald's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," and St. Francis of Assisi's "Canticle of the Sun"; H. M. Caldwell Co., Whittier's "Snow Bound," and Oscar Wilde's "Salome."

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CURRENT FICTION.

Wards of Liberty. By Myra Kelly. New York: The McClure Co.

Miss Kelly (Mrs. MacNaughton) has had the good fortune to strike a fresh vein in fiction. The miraculously rapid process by which America is able to absorb and assimilate the unpromising material thrust upon her by the Old World is a process which most of us must accept as a fact without having personal knowledge of its stages. Miss Kelly's experience of the New York primary school of the East Side gave her such knowledge; and she had the wit and sympathy to convey it to the restless magazine public in most palatable form. The children of the Ghetto and the sweat-shop, with whom she had principally to deal, represented the problem at its most difficult point. Often the parents had no English, and retained, besides the stubborn prepossessions of their race, the habits of the vile European dens from which they had escaped or been flung. The first moment of contact between the small, piteous alien of the Jewish quarter and American life is Miss Kelly's opportunity; and her Eva Gonorowsky and Morris Mogilewsky are no doubt as well known to the myriad readers of the illustrated magazine as the leader of Christian Science or the head of the Standard Oil Trust. They are really humorous creations, both funny and pathetic; Miss Kelly has, we think, wisely emphasized the fun. And she is by no means disposed to pull a long face over the pedagogical part of the business, noting, as any disinterested observer might, the extravagant absurdities to which accepted theory and method often lead. At times her lightness of touch approaches flippancy, even in dealing with lofty themes and persons. In presenting the apparent discrepancy, always a crux to childhood, between the Golden Rule and fighting for one's God and country, she is well-nigh guilty, it seems, of lèse majesté. Isadore Belchatowsky's uncle has been "sent up" for shooting a policeman, and Isadore wishes to know why, since George Washington and "Teddy Rosenfelt" have apparently been made "presidents of it, and papas off of countries" for doing precisely the same thing on a big scale. His small compatriots decide that the trouble lies in the fact that the officer was not really killed, and that there were not enough of him:

> George Wash'ton he kills 'em all bloody and dead. . . . Sooner you ain't killed somebody bloody and dead, you couldn't to be presidents and papas off of countries.

It does not occur to Miss Kelly to take this as a text for a sermon, but it occurs to Mr. Roosevelt. "Teach them," he says with some solemnity, writing to Miss Kelly, "that the wrong is not in fighting, but in fighting in a wrong cause, or without full and adequate cause, and you teach them what is true and right, and what they can act up to." This is good and sensible advice, of which, presumably, Miss Kelly stood in no especial need. "Pedagogically considered," she remarks good-humoredly, "that story is atheism."

The Tracks We Tread. By G. B. Lancaster. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

In his Australasian tales Mr. Lancaster has added a distinctive chapter to that modern interpretation of British colonial life which began with Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills." Kipling's hall-mark is upon it as a whole. Its salient traits are terseness and vividness of phrase, a grim humor prone to deal with the less savory aspects of the theme, and an unconquerable instinct for the romantic aspects. "Donovan Pasha" and "Sons of Men" are lineal descendants of "Under the Deodars." "The Tracks We Tread" lead us into the sheep-country of New Zealand, among a class superficially more like our Western ranchers than the official Englishman. Yet it is the Briton bearing the sacred torch to the farthest ends of the earth whom we are once again called upon, not unwillingly, to admire: the type of those "who go away many times to endings unchronicled; men who love, who conquer, and serve, on the downs, the harsh mountains, the unhandled plains." The series of sketches builds up a story sufficiently intelligible in the end, though at the outset technicalities of phrase seem, as Kipling's did, to impose a deliberate obstacle. Apart from this matter, Mr. Lancaster's style is terse and vivid to the extreme—indeed, almost monotonously so. His pictures are as brilliant as darts of electric flame:

> He stood by in the cold, bright-starred night. . . . Sheer behind the whare the bush rose up to the sky. The babble of a creek two yards off, mingled with the distant roar of the shingle river and the low brush of horses cropping long grass. The little sod whare was sallow in the faint light. Each step and word rang in the frosty air.

His narrative never proceeds, it is always at full gallop, and sometimes leaves the reader breathless:

> By the blaze of Phelan's one door-lamp Randal caught sight of Art's back in the bar, with Roddy Duncan's bright face beside it. He slung through the township full-speed, took the track past the creek to the Lion, and learnt from Fysh that Ormond was three miles off with Father Denis. He turned then, with wrath on his mouth; rode back, and flushed Ormond in the smoke of the priest's little den.

With all its realism of detail, the feeling of the story is romantic, and its outcome as right as the most impatient sentiment could demand.

The Exploits of Arsène Lupin. By Maurice Leblanc; translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Arsène Lupin is a French counterpart of Mr. Hornung's "Raffles," the hero of short stories of criminal mystery treated from the criminal side. Yet if Gallic traits are displayed by Lupin himself, they are displayed quite as much by his creator. For every trick which the criminal plays on his victims, the author is playing one on his readers. All those rules of fair play which have been formulated for the benefit of the reader of fiction of this type are here thrown to the winds. For example, a number of stories in the present collection are told in the first person. In all these curiosity is aroused as to where Arsène Lupin is, and what he is doing. But sometimes the narrator turns out to be a victim, sometimes a bystander, sometimes Arsène Lupin himself. This is gross betrayal of a trusting reader. Or, in certain stories, Lupin is introduced under other names, and after going half or two-thirds through a story under an alias which the reader accepts without question, he unmasks between sentences. Even Sherlock Holmes comes into these stories under the thin disguise of Holmlock Shears. All this is not melodrama but Christmas pantomime.

Yet the character which M. Leblanc has created, an arch criminal who controls a newspaper of his own for the recording of his strange exploits, whose selfish criminality is relieved constantly by acts which are generous or patriotic or merely spectacular, is one to afford a good deal of entertainment. The stories, aside from the unaccountable manner of their unfolding, are of uneven merit, but some are capital.

The Flight to Eden: A Florida Romance. By Harrison Rhodes. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A singular mingling of the crude and the romantic is here. The opening chapters supply the motive for the flight of a young Englishman to the wilds of southern Florida, thirty-odd years ago. In these chapters raw melodrama is at its most flourishing. In expiation of the infidelities showily indicated—which have caused his wife to commit suicide, Basil Forrester becomes an exile in the wilderness. Here, though the melodrama still rages, brutally and savagely, it acquires a certain fitness from being enacted to the rhythm of wild woods and lonely waters. And next an idyl takes occupancy of the scene, and sings prettily in the surrounding barbarity, while hints of early, even of legendary, Florida, supply a glint of historic interest. The romance closes in the Everglades on a fascinating cluster of little bridge-joined islands—evil exorcised, atonement fairly under way.

Ewing's Lady. By Harry Leon Wilson. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

"Ewing's Lady," once begun, is not easily to be laid down unfinished; and in some of the characters there is enough human truth to assure the volume a place among those books one takes up in an idle or weary breathing space—books that fall open of their own accord at favorite pages. These pages will probably be in the first half; toward the end the style is less crisp. Yet the shades of the prison house of conventional melodrama, which begin to close with Teevan's entrance upon the scene, are brightened by the young frequenters of the Monastery. They are refreshingly real and alive, and their delicious fooling will draw from portly expatriates of Bohemia the tribute of a reminiscent chuckle. Indeed, it is the drawing of the minor characters and their environment that gives the book its charm: the cowboy in the clear, heady Colorado air, the genial freemasonry of the studio, Clarence, the lovable convert from civilization, dyspepsia and predigested food, and Ben Crider, fit associate for Billy Brue. The story, which the reader can more pleasurably consume at leisure than bolt in tabloid form, suggests Crawford's "Whosoever Shall Offend." The comparison, however, is not one that "Ewing's Lady" need find odious.

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The Origin of the English Nation. By H. Munro Chadwick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is a noteworthy volume in the Cambridge Archæological and Ethnological Series. From the reviewer it deserves a succession of special articles, inasmuch as each of its twelve chapters is an essay crowded with points which suggest debate. Most writers on the coming of the Germans to Britain lazily repeat the words of Bede, but Mr. Chadwick is not willing to take without further question the statements of a single chronicle that was written long after the days of the migration. He has sought "to make use of all branches of ethnological study—history, tradition, language, custom, religion, and antiquities."

For most readers the central interest of the volume will be found in its discussion of the relations between Angles and Saxons. Bede, it will be remembered, makes a categorical distinction. In express terms he tells us how in Germany the Angles lived between the Jutes and the Saxons. He calls the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes the three most powerful nations of Germany. He says that Continental Anglia remains to his own day a desert, as a result of the migration—Continental Saxony, of course, being continuously occupied. In a word, he distinguishes between the races throughout his whole text. Mr. Chadwick is quite willing to accept Bede's statement regarding the separate origin of the Jutes, but he feels sure that there could have been no real distinction between Angles and Saxons. The West Saxon writers, he points out, "called their language Englisc, and regarded their nation as part of Angelcyn." More than this, we have "the overwhelming fact that a social system, of a type unique among Teutonic nations, and differing essentially even from that of Kent, is common to the Saxon kingdom of Wessex and the Anglian kingdom of Mercia and Northumbria." The close distinction which Bede draws between the nations is, in Mr. Chadwick's eyes, a pure bit of theorizing based on the existence of territorial terms like Wessex, Essex, and Sussex, standing off from East Anglia and Middle Anglia. As for the origin of these antithetical terms, Saxon was the word employed by alien peoples, whereas the tribes in question termed themselves English. Mr. Chadwick does not deny that at an early period there may have been a difference between Angles and Saxons, but he strongly contends for their homogeneity at the time of the invasion of Britain. Positive evidence for this view is chiefly to be sough in a scrutiny of social systems.

While emphasizing what is undoubtedly the most novel feature of Mr. Chadwick's book, we must not omit to mention two or three other subjects which he treats with both fearlessness and caution. From the English in Britain he is carried back to the race in its Continental home, and here the question arises, "Are we to believe with Bede that the English dwelt to the south of Jutland, or was Adam of Bremen correct when he said that they dwelt originally on the Rhine?" In this case Mr. Chadwick stands by Bede—a fact which leads us to say that the present volume is not to be thought of as a paradoxical attack upon our most venerable chronicler. The chapters on "The Cult of Nerthus" and "Social Conditions of the Roman Period," are other striking portions of this candid work.

Jay Cooke: Financier of the Civil War. By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, 2 vols. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $7.50 net.

Jay Cooke died in 1905. For thirty years he had been withdrawn from public life, and, in the minds of all but his own generation, his name was associated with the financial panic of '73, and with probably little else besides. He died a rich man, yet despite this vindication of his ability to make good the pledges offered to his creditors at the time of the failure of his banking house, recollection of him as a figure of disaster survived the fame which his signal achievements as bond broker for the Washington government earned for him during a period only ten years earlier. None the less, his public services make his position secure, and the historian, who estimates accomplishments by their ultimate effect rather than by the brilliancy of their execution, is certain to take larger account of him as time goes on. To such students Dr. Oberholtzer's volumes offer themselves as a standard work of reference.

By the biographer's statement it would seem almost as if Jay Cooke, during the entire period of his activities in behalf of the government and later, had in mind the preparation of a life of himself which should bring out in detail, with documentary corroboration, the salient facts of his work. At his death, one of his daughters had a number of chests filled with written memoranda upon his own operations, as well as all the letters, both business and personal, which had passed between himself and those with whom he had dealings. This correspondence was chronologically arranged, and, with few breaks, covered all the years involved. From material obtained from Cooke's brothers, who were closely associated with him in business, and by reference to the records of the Treasury Department, and to newspaper files, Dr. Oberholtzer was able to fill the gaps, and to connect and interpret the events of Cooke's life. Every page offers evidence of diligent and intelligent search, and, though the author's evident admiration for the character of Cooke probably softened his criticism of, among other things, the expedients to which the latter resorted in popularizing the government loans, this restraint seems not to have resulted in the rejection of facts which would throw important light upon Cooke or his associates, or upon the plan and nature of their operations. To be sure, Dr. Oberholtzer indirectly seeks to disarm criticism by allusion to the frankness of Cooke's attitude; but this is an open defence, and the individual judgment of each reader will determine its justification.

The two volumes, amply illustrated with portraits and facsimiles and satisfactorily indexed, contain over twelve hundred octavo pages and cover the full period of Jay Cooke's eighty-four years of life. Of these pages more than five hundred deal with the work of Cooke in disposing of the Federal loans during the Civil War, and three hundred pages more with the handling of the Northern Pacific Railroad. This latter task, while gigantic in view of prevailing conditions, especially the financial, was avowedly the project of private enterprise with large profits as its inspiration. And though its conduct emphasizes the qualities which made Cooke so successful as the agent of the government, it contributes comparatively little additional knowledge of him as a financier. It was this railroad project which ended his career as a banker and precipitated the panic by which it has been his misfortune to be remembered; and, while to his indefatigable labor was largely due the opening of a vast Northwest territory, his own part is overshadowed by the extraordinary triumph of his earlier achievement.

Of the operations which related to the disposal of the 6 per cent. bonds of 1861, the five-twenties of 1863, and the great issues of seven-thirties, of which alone Cooke sold seven hundred million dollars in one hundred and forty days, Dr. Oberholtzer gives a clear and interesting account. Fortified as this narrative is by the reproduction in its entirety of much of the correspondence between the banker and Secretary Chase and his successors in office, supplemented with statements from Cooke's own memoranda, it possesses authoritative value. Exception may, however, be taken to the reprinting of such frequent quotations from contemporary newspaper reports, which often reflect rather the political animosities of the hour or the exuberance of popular rejoicing than intelligent consideration of affairs. But without some, at least, of these contemporary accounts, the peculiar difficulties of the undertaking could scarcely be understood. The new generation probably will relish especially those pages which describe the scenes in and about the banking office on the days when subscriptions poured in faster than even the largely augmented clerical force could handle them, and when Cooke sent to Washington a "muff box" filled with telegraphic orders for bonds from his outside agents. These sketches give an impression of what was accomplished, which columns of analysis and of figures alone fail to convey.

The secret of Cooke's success Dr. Oberholtzer ascribes to his ability to infuse others with his own supreme confidence, to his unceasing personal participation in all the operations, and to his lavish use of every means of advertisement. Newspaper support, when it did not respond to his explanations and appeals, as it usually did, he often deliberately purchased with gifts to those in charge. Show cards, pamphlets of ingenious construction, hand bills, "everything likely to catch the eyes, impress the minds, and draw the money from the pockets of the people" were employed.

It was the keenest of ironies that Cooke should finally fail when his personal fortune was at stake. Yet, he was eventually enabled to profit from an almost forgotten and insignificant investment, so that the last twenty-five years of his life he spent as he liked, in the open and at home among his children and grandchildren. Of these closing days, there is more than one picture in the second volume which tends to modify the estimate of Cooke's character derived from earlier reading; and the final impression is that of a resourceful, cheerful, vigorous man, of broad sympathies and simple personal tastes.

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Science.

The Art and Craft of Garden-Making. By Thomas H. Mawson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10 net.

The Garden Month by Month. By Mabel Cabot Sedgwick, assisted by Robert Cameron. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $4 net.

Four Seasons in the Garden. By Eben E. Rexford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

Eversley Gardens and Others. By Rose G. Kingsley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

Gardens yield three sorts of pleasure. First, there is the pleasure which springs from dwelling in the garden itself, surrounded by its treasures of verdure and of floral beauty. Second, comes the much greater pleasure to be derived from writing books about gardening; and this is directly proportioned to the degree of inexperience. Those who know least about the sound principles of successful horticulture, but who are filled with delight at their first contact with the soil and with growing plants, are the happiest authors. These are the writers who are observant of the caprice of plants, and are fond of telling exactly how they have humored the whims of their pets. These naïve confessions of unskilled gardeners are filled to the brim with joy. And, lastly, there is the pleasure derived from the perusal of gardening books. Almost all of these books are produced by enthusiasts. It is upon this attraction that publishers count with safety: they are sure of at least a fair patronage in the case of even the poorest garden-book, for many people are addicted to the garden-book habit. This habit once formed is hard to break off, and it leads to the filling up of shelves with vain repetitions. If one should apply the well-known arithmetical device of cancellation to a shelf of modern garden books, and strike out from the pages the directions and descriptions common to all, the remainder would be almost a negligible quantity. But, fortunately, the repetitions are presented in diverse phraseology, and are tinged by the colors which belong to the different temperaments of the authors.

The volume first upon the list at the head of this notice, is the third edition of a heavy quarto which has proved deservedly popular on account of its symmetrical proportions and its good sense. Here and there the author indulges harmlessly in fine writing, but after a quaint fashion which is rather attractive. The treatise is one which the landscape architect can use to advantage, and which will assist owners of estates to correct the mistakes of their gardeners. It is a better book for England than for any part of our own country.

"The Garden Month by Month" is a serious and successful attempt to answer the questions of amateurs. The subjects of color, date of flowering, and the like, are presented in a tabular form, in such manner as to indicate the range of use for decorative purposes, of about all of the plants available in our Eastern States. The author is a true lover of plants and of gardens, and a firm believer in their usefulness in modern homes. She was fortunate in securing the aid of Mr. Cameron of the Harvard Botanical Gardens, well known as a graceful writer on things horticultural, and a good authority in regard to cultivated plants.

"Four Seasons in the Garden" is a volume of convenient size which gives much chatty information of a popular character about the common plants of the conventional garden. Its closing chapter on the subject of Rural and Village Improvement Societies is well considered, and contains advice which ought to be widely followed.

Rose G. Kingsley (Officier de l'instruction publique) presents in her modest little work, "Eversley Gardens and Others," a good deal of well arranged information in regard to the management of soil and plants. The author has a vein of pleasantry which brightens many of the pages in a charming way. She is very tender-hearted and most charitable, as is well shown by her refusing to sympathize "with a certain clerical groom-gardener of our acquaintance, who, when asked with profuse apologies, to leave his digging at a psychologic moment and drive to a village flower-show, replied with alacrity, 'I always loves to go around and see how bad they does.'"

All recent garden books make full use of the enormous capabilities of the photographic reproduction processes and, as a rule, do not abuse the privilege. Some of the reproductions in color-printing are admirable, and a few of them are practically faultless.

Important results of experiments carried out by Professor Lannelongue, in connection with Dr. Achard, one of the most favorably known practitioners of Paris, have been communicated to the Académie des Sciences concerning the influence of diet in experimental tuberculosis. Sixty male guinea pigs were divided in three equal series of approximately equal weight. They were first put under a common diet; for eleven days they did not change weight. Then, on the same day, each series of twenty was inoculated with a uniform dose of the same emulsion of tuberculous bacilli. Each series, while continuing the common diet to which they were already accustomed, was then given a different supplement of food. Each animal of Series No. 1 had a nine-gram ration of butter; each of No. 2 had twenty grammes of sugar; each of No. 3 had twenty grammes of gluten. Each supplement answered to an isothermic diet of about 145 calories. The results were remarkably definite. The series subjected to the butter diet had all died in forty days; that of the sugar in eighty-seven days; while the gluten series lived on for three hundred and seventy-one days before total extinction, that is, for more than a year. These results confirm the previous conclusions of the same investigators that nitrogen should be given a large part in the diet of tuberculous patients.

The Rapport Fernet, presented to the Académie de Médecine November 19, gives interesting results of a thorough investigation made in Paris hospitals and asylums as to the part played by alcoholism in the general mortality. The doctors of the different services established regular ætiological statistics during fifteen months. Out of a total of 1,540 consecutive deaths in the general hospitals, alcoholism was the cause in 33.81 per cent. or more than one-third of the cases; it was the principal cause in one-tenth (10.20), and it was an accessory or auxiliary cause in two other tenths (23.61). This lethal influence of alcoholism is less marked among women than among men, but the difference is not so great as might be supposed. While the average among deaths of males was 38.81, that among females was 27.29 per cent.; in other words, approximately two women die of alcoholism to three men. In lunatic asylums the statistics are far more terrifying. Alcoholism intervenes as a cause of disease and death in nearly half the cases of men, and in one sixth of the cases of women. Sometimes it is the principal—*vera causa*—of death, as in meningo-encephalitis, cerebral ictus, liver, cardio-vascular or kidney manifestations; sometimes it is the auxiliary cause, as in pneumonia or pulmonary tuberculosis. M. Fernet urges that the official statistics of disease should attribute to alcoholism the deaths really due to it as principal cause, and not, as now, dissimulate the truth under cover of the names of the particular organic affection which it produces. If this were done, it would be seen that alcoholism and tuberculosis take the first place among causes of mortality. If the *Bulletin hebdomadaire de la statistique municipale* published the fact that, out of the 1,000 deaths (the average figure) of each week, from 150 to 200, and perhaps more, are due to alcoholism as their exclusive or auxiliary cause, it is possible that such information popularized by the press might have a salutary influence. He concludes that alcoholism in France is not only one of the chief causes of death and mental alienation; it is also a veritable social danger. It is the duty of all who care for public health to denounce and combat it.

The second volume (the first being still in the press) of the important "Anthropologie bolivienne," by Dr. Arthur Chervin, has just been published in Paris. It is entirely taken up with anthropometry (436 pages and illustrations). These volumes give the results of the expedition of the "Mission scientifique Bréqui-Montfor et Sénéchal de la Grange" sent out by the French government some years ago.

Drama.

Rosen: Vier Einakter. Von Hermann Sudermann. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

Few will venture the assertion that Sudermann's hand has already lost its technical cunning; but two disappointments await his admirers in his latest venture, a series of one-act plays grouped around the rose, which figures in each story with a different symbolism of passion. To begin with, one must regret that this gifted master has contented himself with action so short and circumscribed as to afford but a limited flight, and a brief and ill-sustained climax. Again, the author not only strikes into no new paths, but he sounds once more the same depressing and tragic tones that dominate his previous

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dramas—the self-assertion of the individual at any cost. "Die Lichtbänder," for example—just produced for the first time at the Hoftheater in Stuttgart—reveals the sinning wife, lured to a bower of roses and persistently staying in its suffocating atmosphere, and her seducer, who pretends to be true to the soul he has dragged down to the dust. In this analysis of the woman's mind, as well as in the fainter outlines of her worthless companion, Sudermann shows his power in the study of humankind, but the injured husband seems hardly consistent. This man, known for resolute action and a vengeful temper, gives way at the last, but not until he has made concessions, scarcely possible for the average mortal.

In "Margot," the touch of Sudermann is still more clearly recognizable. An unscrupulous woman and an erring daughter are groping for the light. In "Der letzte Besuch," we have another social cancer, on which Sudermann, without squeamishness, turns the full glare of his startling searchlight. Here, again, the woman of the world is borne down with the weight of a dual life. Her intrigue results in her victim's death and the revelation that, at the last moment, he had married another—the humble horse-trainer's daughter, who loved and silently gloried in the possession of his affection. In her dignified declaration and the return of the roses to the gay woman, Sudermann attains to as dramatic a moment as is found in any of the four plays.

"Die ferne Prinzessin" is a comedy designed to teach, or at least to present for consideration, the curious precept, that only the non-genuine—as the artificial rose snatched by the princess from her hat for the love-struck student—will not fade and perish. Here again Sudermann may be nearer truth than error in suggesting the mutability of real things, the notion that only distant ideals, like the distant princess, may be worth following after.

Sudermann has tried to give as much finish to these separate plays as to a great single composition, and he has cleverly bound them together by an underlying sentiment.

Chatto & Windus of London and the Duffield Company of New York have begun a series of desirable volumes under the general title of the Shakespeare Library. One division of the library is to contain the Shakespeare Classics, issued under the general editorship of Prof. I. Gollancz, and of these two volumes are now before us, handsome little books that will tempt a good many persons to read for the first time the sources from which Shakespeare got his plots. One is Lodge's "Rosalynde," the original of "As You Like It," edited by W. W. Greg, the other is Greene's "Pandosto," the original of the "Winter's Tale," edited by P. G. Thomas. In both the spelling is modernized, and there is the additional help of introductions, notes, and glossaries. The aim has been to interest the general reader in this quaint fiction, and the method promises some success. If anything, the error has been to assume too much ignorance on the part of the reader. What purpose, for instance, is fulfilled by defining "puff" in the vocabulary as "gust of wind," or "sack" as "to plunder," or "dolorous" as "grievous"? Is it supposed that any possible reader of Greene does not know the meaning of these words? This, however, is a slight blemish, and does not mar the value of what promises to be a useful and pleasant series of books.

Charlotte Porter, Pietro Isola, and Alice Hervey collaborated in the translation of d'Annunzio's "La Figlia di Jorio," which has just been published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. The result is not likely to be satisfactory either to students of the poet's works in their original tongue, or to the English reader who seeks to find in it the secret of his great literary reputation. In a rather rhapsodical preface, Miss Porter says:

> It seemed hopeless to attempt to give any glimmering impression of the rhythmic beauty essential to the mystical soul of this tragedy, save by seeking to reproduce for English ears, by similarly free methods in freely stressed English verse, an audible impression corresponding to the impression which the stresses of the Italian verse have made on my ear as they were spoken.

Unfortunately it is precisely in this quality of rhythmic beauty that this translation is conspicuously deficient. In the effort—hopeless, indeed, in the case of languages so different in form, structure, and genius—to reproduce in the rugged English the accent and metre of the liquid Italian tongue, all the swelling harmony and cadence of the original have been sacrificed, together with most of its poetic or dramatic import. D'Annunzio's verse, inspired or uninspired, has been converted into prose, prose cut into arbitrary lengths, to be sure, to suggest poetry, but undeniable prose, halting, undistinguished and often exceedingly awkward. Stripped of all its literary graces, in this merciless fashion, the tragedy, which in its best estate is laden with inconsistencies and extravagances, would not take very high rank even as melodrama, were it not for the antiquarian learning displayed in its application of rural folk-lore and superstitions, and the classical tone imparted by the appearance of the villagers in the guise of the ancient chorus.

The single novelty which Signor Novelli has given us thus far this season is the "Nerone" of Pietro Cossa, a piece having some literary pretensions, but not much dramatic value. It is, indeed, a series of episodical sketches, rather than a play. Glimpses are given of the Emperor, in dalliance with a Greek dancing girl, absorbing the satirical flatteries of his favorite buffoon as he rhapsodizes about art, swilling in a tavern, presiding over an imperial feast, grovelling in terror when his associates forsake him, and killing himself in cowardly despair. Amid the varying situations Signor Novelli finds ample opportunity for revealing the extent and variety of his theatrical resources, but his impersonation has very little about it that is either Roman or imperial. In make-up it is especially unfortunate, and in action, notwithstanding its cleverness in places, it tends constantly to the grotesque. Signor Novelli has skill, humor, and passion, and a wonderful gift in eccentric comedy, but he seems to be deficient in constructive imagination. In dealing with a complex character like that of Nero he is more successful in illustrating its particular traits than in blending them into vital or even plausible individuality.

By the death of James Henry Stoddart on Monday, at Sewaren, N. J., the American stage has lost one of the last survivors of the old school of thoroughly qualified actors. Born at Barnsley, Yorkshire, England, in 1827, he went upon the stage in early youth, and passed through an arduous apprenticeship in various provincial theatres. In 1854 he came to this country, and secured an engagement with the elder Wallack, while Burton, Blake, John Brougham, and other famous comedians were still in their prime. It was in the company of Lester Wallack that he made one of his first great hits in the part of Mark Meddle in "London Assurance," which he played with somewhat broad but perfectly irresistible humor. Later he acted with Laura Keene, Mrs. John Wood, and Dion Boucicault. One of his best known assumptions at this time was that of the lawyer Moneypenny in "The Long Strike." In the early seventies he joined the company of A. M. Palmer at the Union Square Theatre, where for twenty years he grew in artistic reputation. His Pierie Michel was a remarkable performance. Leaving the Union Square he again allied himself with A. M. Palmer at the Madison Square Theatre, whither he long drew crowded audiences by the passion and pathos of his old minister in "Saints and Sinners." He furnished another charming portrayal in Augustus Thomas's "Alabama," and his crowning triumph was achieved in "The Bonnie Brier Bush." It is by parts such as these that he will be longest remembered.

Music.

The Appreciation of Music. By Thomas Whitney Surette and Daniel Gregory Mason. New York: The H. W. Gray Co. $1.50.

The authors of this volume are convinced that out of any score of persons gathered to hear music, whether it be hymn, song, oratorio, opera, or symphony, ten are not listening at all, but are looking at the others, or at the performers, or the scenery, or the programme; that five more bask in the sound as a dog basks in the sun; that two more have their minds filled with visions of trees, mountains, and rivers; while another is busy analyzing themes and labelling motives that he forgets to enjoy. This leaves only two out of the twenty who really appreciate the music by actively following the melodies and living over again the thoughts of the composer. This estimate is perhaps exaggerated and unduly pessimistic; it certainly is, so far as the opera is concerned, but it probably holds true of symphony concerts and the usual recital; many attend these from a sense of artistic duty, as they attend church from a sense of religious duty, though they are bored at both. Is it possible to change this boredom to pleasure, to transform the merely useful patron into a delighted music-lover?

No doubt it is, provided some rudimentary interest in music exists. The trouble with the average concert-goer is that he is too lazy; he tries to enjoy his music passively, as he does a hot bath; but there is more in music than in hot water—to get at it, however, the listener must give it active attention, and that is what he fails

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to do, often simply because he does not know how to begin. He needs some guidance as to what to listen for among the many confusing sound impressions. The object of the present volume is to supply such "guidance to awakened attention," in an untechnical manner; to teach the hearer how to concentrate his attention, to focus his mind as well as his ears on the melodies and harmonies, to "substitute for that 'drowsy revery, relieved by nervous thrills,' an active, joyful, vigorous coöperation with composers, through which alone he can truly appreciate their art." In furtherance of this purpose, the authors give a survey of the development of music from the most primitive sounds grouped together in rude patterns by savages up to the symphonies of Beethoven, showing how genuine music is based on short characteristic groups of tones called motives, and how these are made to take on variety, without losing unity, by being "imitated," "transposed," "restated after contrast," "inverted," "augmented," or "diminished," "shifted in rhythm," and otherwise manipulated. Special sections are devoted to folk-songs, the polyphonic music of Bach, the dance and its development, the suite, the rondo, the variation form, and the sonata, while the last four chapters are devoted to Beethoven.

All this is commendable. The question is: Will those who are too lazy to follow music in the concert hall with attention have the courage and application to read and apply the lessons here placed before them? There's the rub. We feel somewhat skeptical as to the value of musical anatomy for the purpose of stimulating an interest in the art. We need not study botany to appreciate the beauty of roses and pansies; such study, in fact, subordinates the artistic interest to the scientific. To appreciate flowers we must see them early in life and often; and so with music; it is only by hearing it from childhood, at home, in church and school, in concert halls, and at the opera that we learn to listen to it attentively, actively, and with keen enjoyment. A textbook, no doubt, may help, by calling attention to hidden beauties. The sub-title of this volume is "A Course of Study for Schools, Colleges, and General Readers." Teachers will no doubt find not a few useful hints in it, and the general reader also would do well not to ignore it. There are excellent things, notably in the chapters on Bach and Beethoven. An inkling is given of the vast treasure that lies hidden away in Bach, whose works "have that delicacy of inner adjustment more usually found in the works of nature than in those of man; their melodies grow out of their motive germs as plants put forth leaves and flowers." The best thing in the book is the chapter on Beethoven's humor, which dwells upon this master's "fondness for breaking in on the tranquility of his audience, sometimes in danger of lapsing into inattentive dulness, with all manner of shocks and surprises—clashing chords in the midst of soft passages, unexpected modulation to distant keys, piquant interruptions of rhythm, long holds, sudden spasms of speed."

When Mascagni made his ill-advised visit to this country, five years ago, he labored under the delusion that the American public, impressed by his fame as the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," would flock to see him and hear his productions, no matter what they were, who the singers, and how high the prices. He hired the Metropolitan Opera House, and, with a poor orchestra and mediocre singers, produced some of his operas which had enjoyed very little success, even in Italy. A disastrous result was inevitable. One of the works performed on this occasion was "Iris"; it made a fairly favorable impression, yet it did not seem likely that it would ever be heard here again. It is an opera on a Japanese subject, and possibly the remarkable success last season of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" suggested that the time was opportune for a revival of "Iris." Revived, at any rate, it was at the Metropolitan Opera House last Friday; and Emma Eames, who made her reappearance in the title rôle, presented an interesting series of pictures of the young girl who is stolen from her blind father and taken to the Yoshiwara, or "red-light" district, where he finds and curses her and she commits suicide in a gutter. It is a sordid story, and the music is for the most part commonplace, unrelieved by any of the crude but fresh tunes which made "Cavalleria Rusticana" popular. Caruso and Scotti were in the cast, but had few opportunities to excite interest in their actions and singing. Such success as the opera may have will result entirely from the fine art of Mme. Eames, who is in her prime as a singer, and who as an actress has made immense strides in recent years. Time was when she would disguise her Marguerite in costly Parisian gowns. In "Iris," on the contrary, she not only wears Japanese gowns, but wears them as one who has been instructed in Japanese garbing, posing, gesturing, and gait by no less a personage than Sada Jacco.

The next event of importance in the musical world will be the arrival of Gustav Mahler, who is to be conductor in chief and artistic manager of the Metropolitan Opera House. His method of work, as exemplified during the ten years when he was director of the Imperial Opera in Vienna, is so different from that persued at the Metropolitan, where there is seldom time for more than one rehearsal of an opera, that one wonders what will happen when he takes cognizance of the situation here. That there will be an explosion of some kind seems certain. The "Music-Lovers Calendar" for 1908 (Breitkopf & Härtel) opportunely brings an article on this distinguished musician, concerning whom the writer remarks:

> Surely, no other is so devotedly loved and so bitterly hated, enthusiastically supported, and so violently opposed as this same man who quietly and steadily pursues his way, making not the slightest concession to either side, and believing in himself and his ideals with all the force of his intense nature.

Other famous conductors are discussed in the same "Calendar" in an article by Prof. W. R. Spalding of Harvard on the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and another on the Pittsburgh orchestra by A. M. Foerster. A. de Bertha writes on Hungarian music, combating Liszt's statement that the Magyars had no music of their own, but only such as came to them through the gypsies. Prof. Edward Dickinson has an interesting article on the Literary Work of Composers; while Edmund J. James discusses Music in American Universities. The Calendar is published under the auspices of the School of Music, University of Illinois.

Art.

Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Work. By Nelson Dawson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50 net.

This new volume of the Connoisseur's Library is, like the others, light in the hand and pleasant enough to handle, in spite of an octavo page nearly 10½ inches high, and 267 such pages; and also inserted plates for half-tone illustrations of silver and gold vessels. There are 127 separate figures. The author in his preface enters a plea "for the indulgence of readers" because "an artist is, or should be, a poor talker." Without granting the generalization—for there are many exceptions—we admit that in his own case Mr. Dawson's caveat is not without reason.

The first chapter, which deals with gold and silver ore and the working of the metals, is a most curious collection of statements—crazy fables of mediæval collectors, mixed with brief descriptions of ways of using gold, with discussion of alloys and preparations, and with the simple facts of discovery in India, in America, in Australia, and in Africa. But even in this record the matter is unsifted, unarranged, and unconvincing. This chapter, or "part," deals also with the beauty of gold.

Part ii. contains nearly half the volume, and within these 105 pages are treated, in a kind of historic sequence, but without subdivision and without system, those familiar periods of the goldsmiths' art which we generally deal with when considering the collections of museums. Prehistoric, Etruscan, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and mediæval plate are all discussed in one continuous essay, as if a collector with plenty of examples on the table before him were to talk loosely and easily about them. Such subjects as Roman ostentation and Roman extravagance are introduced into the discussion of Greek and Italian silverware, although the pieces which the author has to show and the pieces which are preserved in our national and private collections are not extravagant, but are noticeable for simple effectiveness and admirable results produced at slight expense. The silverware of the Hildesheim find, of the Bernay treasure, of the specially important diggings at Boscoreale, and the magnificent gold vessels of Petrossa—even they are far from showing extravagance. The remarks about "Roman extravagance" seem to be based on the highly wrought goblets, generally of silver, which are preserved in certain great museums. Figs. 4 and 5 give two vessels from the Hildesheim treasure, one of which offers that familiar design of laurel twigs with leaves and berries in high relief, wrought by the hammer in the thin silver shell; Figures 13, 15, and 16, all on the same plate, give three more such vases, the design of one of them being closely akin to that of the Hildesheim cup, and the others not remote from it in spirit and meaning, and still more closely akin in workmanship. Without trouble, the exquisite vase in the museum at Saint-Germain, found in

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the trenches at Alise-Sainte-Reine and thought to be from Cæsar's camp before the Gaulish stronghold, Alesia, might have been included. This, also, is adorned with laurel leaves and berries, the natural branches being tied together with ribbons according to what we have learned to recognize as a familiar theme, probably suggested by the wreathing of the cup by the natural green branch on various festival occasions. Again, the superb cup in the Naples Museum, often photographed, might be added. When we think what the Roman world between 30 B. C. and 400 A. D. had collected, used, and forgotten, when we remember that the tangible wealth of the Mediterranean lands found its visible expression largely in beautiful objects of metal, it should not seem strange that fifty or sixty fine pieces are left to us. We hope that the digging in Herculaneum, so often proposed and as often postponed, will bring forth infinitely greater treasures in that way than we now possess.

Much space is devoted to Renaissance work, and of all the illustrations the most important is undoubtedly the Nef, Fig. 37. This is entitled here "Incense Boat, Padua," and the text speaks of it as probably of German origin. After this, the pieces illustrated are numerous and small. The coffee-pots, tea-pots, drinking vessels, and covered dishes, the candlesticks and spoons are not unusual in character. The silverware of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is pretty well known, and yet in a general treatise it is, of course, necessary to deal fully with those familiar epochs. What the student complains of is that we do not learn enough of the peculiarities of make in this or that piece, and are left without the author's explanation of that which must remain doubtful to one who sees only the faint, inadequate, half-tone illustrations. Polished silver does not lend itself happily to such photographic reproduction, except in the case where the ornamentation is minute and in high relief. The beauty of the piece which is simpler and more undivided in its parts easily escapes one who looks at these pictures and finds no special analysis of each object.

"The Art of the Prado," by C. S. Ricketts (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.), is a book entirely out of the usual run of things of the kind. Mr. Ricketts is a painter, and writes like one, that is, with knowledge of the art and with personal views of his own upon it. He uses his own eyes and judges with his own judgment. His book is not a guide-book, a compilation, or a pale reflection of accepted ideas. His style is not always perfectly clear, and one cannot always follow his meaning without some effort, but where effort is occasionally necessary it is worth the making. He has always something to say, and it is something meriting serious attention. His analysis of the art and temper of Velasquez is the best thing we have seen on that artist since R. A. M. Stevenson published his study of the Spanish master, and is a valuable supplement to that study; while his account of the works of Titian and Rubens is nearly equally interesting. His recognition of Rubens as pre-eminently a draughtsman is particularly noteworthy. He does not confine himself strictly to the matter in hand, but draws freely on his knowledge of other galleries for illustration and illumination of the point under discussion, so that something much broader than a hand-book of a particular collection is offered us. We should like to give more space than the press of matter at this time will allow of to a detailed criticism of his opinions—we must content ourselves with the statement that this is a real book, containing real opinions, which may be read with profit and pleasure by any one who cares for the serious study of art. The volume contains, also, some forty-odd well-executed reproductions of celebrated pictures, and is therefore an agreeable possession, merely as a picture book.

G. P. Putnam's Sons publish, under the title "Honoré Daumier" a collection of seventy-six reproductions from the lithographs of Daumier, with an Introductory Essay by Elisabeth Luther Cary. Miss Cary writes pleasantly and well of Daumier's art, finding, however, more good nature and less bitterness and indignation in it than we see there. The pictures lose much by reduction and by absence of the silvery lithographic tone, but afford some idea of the artist's power.

Among the recent acquisitions of the Metropolitan Museum by purchase are La Cour de la Princesse and Dames de Qualité, by Monticelli; a drawing by Rembrandt, The Angel Appearing to Zacharias, an idea probably for a picture; two landscapes in gouache and water-color by Cuyp; two of Gainsborough's landscapes; a pen-and-ink of Domenico Campagnola, the disciple of Titian; and some early studies by Lord Leighton, possibly for his Cimabue.

At a recent meeting of the Anthropological Society at Munich Dr. Albert Mayr gave an interesting account of a necropolis belonging to the early bronze age which has been discovered in the island of Malta. The prehistoric monuments of Malta known hitherto, consist chiefly of stone buildings, probably shrines, which seem also to have been used as tombs. Dr. Mayr, during a recent visit to Malta, has made a careful study of the prehistoric finds of the last few years which have until now remained unpublished. Among these the most important was a subterranean necropolis, which both in its architecture and in its contents shows close connections with the above named shrines. The potsherds, terra-cotta, and stone figurines, and amulets which were found in it all belong to an early period of the bronze age. In other parts of the island remains belonging to about the same period were discovered. This prehistoric civilization, which has a distinct character of its own, seems to have been strongly influenced by Sicily. Especially interesting is the evidence of relations with Crete.

An important archæological expedition is going to the oasis of Siwa on the western frontier of Egypt in the course of this winter. It will be under French auspices, and the leader of the undertaking will be the Viscomte de Mathuisieult, whose investigations in the hinterland of Tripolis a few years ago aroused considerable interest. This oasis, the site of the world-famous oracle of Jupiter Ammon, is expected to yield important results.

An international memorial to Whistler is planned in the form of a sculpture by Auguste Rodin to be placed in Whistler's home, Chelsea, London. The English committee consists of M. J. E. Blanche, Lord Grimthorpe, William Heinemann, Prof. E. Lanteri, John Lavery, Joseph Pennell, the Earl of Plymouth, D. C. Thomson, and H. Wilson. Any member of the following American committee will receive subscriptions: William M. Chase, No. 303 Fifth Avenue, New York; Richard Watson Gilder and Robert Underwood Johnson, the *Century Magazine*, New York; Bryson Burroughs, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; Halsey C. Ives, Museum of Fine Arts, St. Louis; Edmund C. Tarbell, Tavern Club, Boston; and Harrison S. Morris, Oak Lane P. O., Philadelphia.

Among the exhibitions in the dealers' shops in this city are paintings by Frederic Remington at M. Knoedler & Co.'s, till December 14; old Japanese prints, Louis Katz's December 14; old English mezzotints, H. Wunderlich & Co., December 24; water-colors by Herbert W. Faulkner, Powell's, December 27; miniatures, by Miss Eulabee Dix, Bauer-Folsom's, December 31; and etchings by Joseph Pennell, Frederick Keppel & Co.'s, December 31.

Finance.

THE RISE ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

In attempting to peer into the longer future, and to discover what should be our financial history in the next few years, experienced financiers have been confronted with two conflicting arguments. First, underlying present conditions there are manifest elements of strength—such as the wealth of the interior, the country's power over international exchange, and the soundness, both of the currency and of the national finances—which did not exist during any one of the four great preceding panics. Hence the inference that recovery now should be more rapid, and the intervening depression less severe, than after 1893, 1873, 1857, or 1837. On the other hand, the fact stands forth that, in scope and violence, the shock to the credit system of the country as a whole was greater than on any of these preceding occasions; from this, the argument that the later reckoning may be formidable in proportion to the violence of the panic.

Where shall one look for guidance? Many people, in the East at any rate, point to the Stock Exchange. That mobile barometer of financial weather prophesied clearly, in the prodigious shattering of values during December, 1906, and March, May, and August of the present year, the storm which was to break in the third week of October. If this is so, then the rapid and general recovery, which began in earnest with the signs of returning credit facilities on Saturday, November 23, and which, with only momentary interruptions, has continued ever since, ought, it is alleged, to mean a prospect of fair skies.

This is a view which even the most conservative business man must take into account. There are, however, two qualifying considerations. One is that substantial recovery was inevitable when the Stock Exchange found itself once more in touch with credit resources. So long as

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banks would not lend for Stock Exchange purchases, one great sustaining influence under values was withdrawn. While, moreover, the "buyer for the rise" on borrowed money was necessarily absent, the seller on speculation could not be kept away; and his "short" sales of borrowed stock, which must some time be "covered" by actual purchases, are an important influence when the real buyer has returned. This would indicate that the recovery in stocks has reflected not so much bright hopes of the longer future as the actual restoration of credit, between October 24 and the present week. Another consideration is that, with all the sharp rebound, Stock Exchange prices as a rule have not yet retraced one-fourth of their downward path of the twelve preceding months.

How did the stock market act, and what did its movement turn out to have indicated, in this stage of initial recuperation during previous panics? At the end of August, 1893, the stock market advanced vigorously—exactly a month after Wall Street's panic day, July 26; the interval was just the same between this year's panic day and the start of real recovery. The advance continued with much violence throughout September; slackened in October; was renewed for a day or two after the Repeal of the Silver Purchase act became a law on November 1; and was then succeeded by a long period of depression, political disturbance, and corporation distresses. In Wall Street, as in trade at large, 1894 was a period of hard times; a premature recovery in 1895 was nipped in the bud, so to speak, by inadequate resources; then came the "Bryan scare" of 1896.

Or, if one goes back to 1873, he will find that the New York Stock Exchange closed its doors on the panic day, September 20, and did not do business again until the 30th. This shut-down postponed a good deal of necessary liquidation, so that a longer period than the four weeks of 1893 and 1907 elapsed before prices began their real recovery. That turn was reached November 13; thenceforward, an almost continuous rise lasted until the middle of the ensuing January. This movement stopped when genuine hard times began, at approximately that date, and Stock Exchange depression supervened. It was rather striking that neither in 1874, nor in 1875, nor yet in the two discouraging business years which followed, did values of securities fall as low as the low level of the panic of 1873; but nevertheless hard times continued during the three ensuing years.

The story of 1857 and the following years was very singular. Then, as in the later panics, recovery on the Stock Exchange began when cash payments were resumed, around the middle of December, the New York banks having suspended specie payments just two months before. The recovery lasted, with intermittent reaction, until early in 1858; then came depression, even on the Stock Exchange. At the opening of 1859, hopes began again to brighten, and real recovery set in. It was based on the grain and cotton crops, and it was stopped decisively by a cruel freak of nature in the shape of a killing frost on June 5, which ruined the Northern harvest. Thereafter, all other influences were forgotten, in the face of the coming Presidential election of 1860, and of the campaign for Disunion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andresen, N. P. The Republic. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Barth, Theodor. Amerikanische Eindrücke. Berlin.
Bell, Lady. Topics for Conversation. London: A. L. Humphreys.
Bernáth, Désiré de. Cleopatra: Her Life and Reign. London: A. L. Humphreys.
Bishop, Avard Longley. The State Works of Pennsylvania. Publications of Yale University. New Haven.
Bolton, Henrietta Irving. Friendly Talks to Brides. Thomas Whittaker. 25 cents.
Book of Almanacs, 1907. Cambridge, England: Macmillan & Bowes.
Bronson-Howard, George. Scars on the Southern Seas. B. W. Dodge & Co. $1.50.
Brooke, Stopford A. Studies in Poetry. Putnam's. $1.75 net.
Brown, G. Baldwin. Rembrandt. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Cadogan, Edward. The Life of Cavour. Imported by Scribners.
Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. I. Putnam's. $2.50 net.
Cary, Elisabeth Luther. The Art of William Blake. Moffat, Yard & Co.
Clouston, R. S. Sir Henry Raeburn. Newnes's Art Library. F. Warne & Co. $1.25 net.
Creel, George. Quatrains of Christ. The Independent Press.
Danton, George Henry. The Nature Sense in the Writings of Ludwig Tieck. Macmillan. $1 net.
Diane, Comtesse. Maxims of Life. London: A. L. Humphreys.
Dodge, Theodore Ayrault. Napoleon. Boston: Hougton, Mifflin & Co. $4.00 net.
Dowd, Jerome. The Negro Races. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Drayton, Michael, Minor Poems of. Edited by Cyril Brett. Henry Frowde. $1.75.
Du Bosque, Francis. John Schmidt. Benj. R. Tucker.
Duncan, Edmondstoune. The Story of Minstrelsy. Imported by Scribners. $1.25.
Dunmore, Walter T. Ship Subsidies. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00 net.
Edens, N. S. The Mental Groups. Fowler & Wells.
Education, Report of the Commissioner of, 1906. Vol. I. Washington.
Elliot, G. F. Scott. Chile. Imported by Scribners. $3 net.
Enock, C. Reginald. The Andes and the Amazon. Imported by Scribners. $5 net.
Fisk, George Mygatt. International Commercial Policies. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Flammarion, Camille. Mysterious Psychic Forces. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.50 net.
Fraprie, Frank Roy. The Castles and Keeps of Scotland. Boston: Page.
Gowen, Herbert H. The Day of His Coming. Thomas Whittaker. 75 cents net.
Grayson, David. Adventures in Contentment. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20 net.
Hawkins, Chauncey J. Will the House Survive? Thomas Whittaker. $1 net.
Henderson, M. Sturge. George Meredith. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.
Hoernle, A. F. Studies in the Medicine of Ancient India. Part I.: Osteology. Henry Frowde. $2.90.
Hollway-Calthrop, H. C. Petrarch, His Life and Times. Putnam's. $3.50 net.
Hoyle's Games. McClure Co.
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1761-1765. Edited by John P. Kennedy. Richmond, Va.
Kinkead, Eleanor Talbot. The Courage of Blackburn Blair. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.
Le Gallienne, Richard. Little Dinners with the Sphinx. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.
Library of Congress, Report of, 19[illegible] Washington.
London, Jack. The Road. Macmillan. $2 net.
Low, Sidney and Loyd C. Sanders. The Political History of England. Vol. XII. Longmans. $2.60 net.
Lynn, Margaret (Editor). A Collection of Eighteenth Century Verse. Macmillan Co. $1.10 net.
Macgregor, William Malcolm. Jesus Christ the Son of God. Imported by Scribners.
Macmillan, D. The Life of George Matheson. Armstrong. $2 net.
Magee, Louis J. Songs after Work. Putnam's $2 net.
Magic Casements: A Second Fairy Book. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. McClure Co.
Mallock, W. H. A Critical Examination of Socialism. Harpers. $2 net.
Massey, W. F. Practical Farming. Outing Pub. Co. $1.50 net.
Miles, George Henry. A Review of Hamlet. Longmans. $1.00 net.
Moulton, Frank Prescott. Introductory Latin. Boston: Heath. $1.
Myths of the Red Children. Retold by Gilbert L. Wilson. Boston: Ginn.
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